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LEAVES · OF
THE
GREATER · BIBLE

A · SPIRITUAL · ANTHOLOGY

EDITED · BY

WM · NORMAN
GUTHRIE

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NEW · YORK

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LEAVES OF THE GREATER BIBLE

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LEAVES OF THE GREATER BIBLE

Being an Anthology of
Reprints and Paraphrases
from Ethnic Scriptures and Kindred Literature

Selected and Edited by
WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE



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**This Reprint of the first Year's issues of
The Leaves of the Greater Bible
is gratefully dedicated to
Anna Blakely Bliss
whose sympathetic interest in so realizing
a long cherished dream
is here acknowledged**

FOREWORD TO LEAVES OF THE GREATER BIBLE

Leaves of the Greater Bible: An Anthology of Reprints and Paraphrases from Ethnic Scriptures and Kindred Literature

Looking back over the course of our first year, it seems as if the plan announced in the initial circular had been carried out with reasonable fidelity. Inevitable changes in programme, due to the inability to obtain recondite information for the "Notes," or a satisfactory paraphrase, seem to have turned out, on the whole, to the advantage of the plan, as may appear by comparing the present table of contents, classified by theme, with the former announcements.

The title of our anthology has naturally seemed to not a few too challenging. Let us pass, however, certain important considerations in brief review. A good God must needs everywhere and in all times have answered His children's prayer for guidance and comfort. There cannot have been any exclusive monopoly granted to any race. Peculiar experience, social, political, economic, conditions of climate and of race heredity, must necessarily have produced susceptibility or genius in some particular direction, with reference to special spiritual stimuli.


Naturally every people, every period, every transient phase of the social order, must make out as best it can with what it has; and so long as Chinese walls of prejudice or geographical distance isolate, what each has, must seem to him, not only good, but all there needs to be. Intercourse and comparison at first give scope to racial and national egotism. Ultimately each people, each nation, each localized temperament, comes to feel that if it has something to teach, it has also something to learn.

Even as exclusive a people as the Hebrews did not fail to profit by foreign influences. The native peoples of Canaan, Egypt, Babylon, Syria, Phoenicia, Persia, Hellas, all made their acknowledged or unacknowledged contributions to the genius of the "peculiar" people. The old arrogant claim of monopoly cannot to-day impress the student of comparative religion.

It would seem as if, after all, there could be for the human race but One Religion, with as many phases, varieties of expression, stages of definition and practice, as there are varieties of race, civilization, climate, and stages of political development. For not only do the anthropologist and the antiquarian give us ample evidence of the essential unity of human nature in the history of religion, but we possess many biblia, sacred books, ethnic Scriptures, cherished classics which convey inspiration because they were the product of inspired writers, or rather because in them some measure of literary gift was put naively at the service of a socially operative conviction, an established religious custom, a nascent mass enthusiasm.

When the great body of literature, canonically sacred or not, which gives expression to man's religious nature, is examined even superficially, the witness to the One Religion, more or less realized here, there and everywhere, is almost overwhelming.

It would seem as if the point of view for even a mere amateur student in comparative religion must be quite different from that hitherto assumed by devotees and propagandists, Christian, Buddhist, Mahometan, Parsee, Hebrew, or of almost any bygone cult or faith. The order of our affirmations and devotions may be somewhat like the following: First, a burning interest in the highest individual and social life of man; second, therefore, an interest in religion as maintaining or furthering the same; third, therefore, a peculiar personal interest in some special religion as ministering most readily to our self, our own people, our own times; fourth, an interest only less intense in other religions, past and present or to come, as doubtless emphasizing somewhat, too lightly passed over by us, or perhaps entirely ignored, and the lack of which may possibly distort or at least diminish the effective value of what we have; fifth, an interest in some denomination, some social organization, which mediates religion in the form most congenial; and for that very reason, lastly, an abiding generous interest in all denominations whatsoever, with their rival claims to ours, as helping each in some way to supplement the good work of our own, an interest which nowise invalidates the claims of our own personal loyalty and service.



There will be those doubtless even to-day who do sincerely find their first and last interest to be in God only, for His own sole sake. The present writer would consider such to be religious geniuses, or most exceptional original saints. He is not prepared to make such extravagant claims for himself. Nor does he consider that he is bound to govern his practical undertaking by their preference. The devout amateur student of comparative religion is probably first a humanist, then a religionist, then a Christian. He will instinctively believe his Christianity destined to be a world religion: but not by the extirpation of rivals; rather by their "benevolent assimilation." To him, if Christianity should seem the river of life, it would seem quite fair to regard his loyalty as primarily attached to the far-off mouth of that river, by which time it shall have received all confluents, and is ready to empty into the great sea of future human perfection. Therefore he will regard all religions, past and present, with a benevolent tenderness as being destined to retrospective ancestral honors some day, as part of a preparation, of the providential preparation for the inclusive Christianity of more enlightened ages. He will not feel that he is jeopardizing his Christianity by this attitude of kindly consideration, and a sort of anticipated reverent remembrance! Indeed, he will feel that just in so far as he can be imaginatively a true Taoist, a true Buddhist, ay, or an aboriginal now extinct Red man, engaged in the mysteries of Hako, he is merely rendering more vivid and effective for himself some element in that vital synthesis which he claims as his Christianity, his religion of the Incarnate God.

Why is not such a point of view (more and more common among enlightened missionaries) laying hold on cultivated, broad-minded English-speaking people? Is it not because after all that has been done the most representative expressions of religion outside of the Hebrew and Christian canons are so difficult of access in untechnical renderings? One hears of this and of that great relic, sublime masterpiece, inspiring ritual; but each quest leads on a distant trail, and usually the trail ends at some poorly worded translation, the language of which is so eruditely tortured as to make it almost impossible to catch the inspiration of the original.

It is to meet this evident need for a handy exhibit of the choicest expressions vouchsafed the religious spirit in any time and any place, that this anthology has been conceived and is now in process of execution. Our limited space (sixteen pages an issue) is a cruel limitation in scope. For instance, we can include none of the score or more of Job-like dramas; none even of the epical episodes of religious import; none of the larger rituals which occupy many days for their performance. We can avail ourself only of separable lyrics, brief epical moments, detachable ritual morsels that are representative of the larger rites; and yet even should we with this inevitable limitation continue our work for ten years (and the present listed programme extends further), would it not be a somewhat amazing result: twelve hundred pages of inspired, inspiring literature, furnishing multiple evidence of the unity of the human spirit, of the unity of God, and therefore of the eternal oneness of religion?

Take even this present volume. Can any intelligent reader let his mind stray through the Buddhist beatitudes, and not begin to feel a strange contagion reaching him? Granted he rejects dogmatically the doctrinal construction of the Hinayana, and regards the Buddhist psychology as hopelessly unscientific, its soteriology as mischievous; —can he fail to appreciate the great spirit of detachment from vulgar concerns and petty interests that begins to breathe about him like a fragrant atmosphere, until his soul, rejecting the doctrine, is nevertheless captured by the religious genius, the special contribution, which the religion of Buddha has to make to world religion? Must one needs go through, with superstitious conviction in its physical magic, the so-called "Sweat-lodge," to feel the infinite pathos of the prayer of the "children" to the "Ancient of Days," who condescends to be their "Father," the "Great White Rock" in whom they may take refuge, and who will help them to stand up in His strength with Him in the latter end? Or, descending from the sublime to the ridiculous, will this religious ritual be less spiritually helpful, because one remembers that resort to the "Sweat-lodge" in cases of German measles often proved fatal to the Red man? The Red-man, attacked by an unknown white man's disease, very properly resorted to spiritual purification; but he failed to reckon with the physical reaction

incident to the use of his excellent sacramental means! In this our reader need not follow the Red man.

What a wonderful thing it is, indeed, to conceive, as modern intelligent people do, of all things in terms of vital process! The world is evolution, is a bursting bud. Are we prepared to say that we put it better for the religious spirit of our times than did the Norseman when he conceived of the world-Ash, its tap root down in inscrutable Reality reaching to the Roaring Cauldron, the fount of the yawning Abyss, the well of the unknown future? its other two roots reaching, the one to the past, to be watered by historic experience, and the other into eternal principles, prehistoric yet ever present? Can we express it better than to say that the world-Ash rises into the home of the Gods through the region of expanding Stillness, where shine as the stars the heroes of the human race? The whole Symbol with all its manifold minor suggestiveness can hardly fail to arouse religious awe.

Stray leaves blown loose by the winds in the upper heaven from the branches of the world-Ash flutter down to us on earth through stratum after stratum of white cloud and blue sky, until we pick up some single leaf and, examining its texture, its veining, its outline edges, its color, we look up toward the invisible boughs whence it came: Ygdrasil, the cosmic tree, planted ere the beginning of time by the unknowable All-Father. Such stray leaves are offered in this anthology.

Is it too much to ask the reader to help the editor by making this publication of practical use, by calling it to the attention of those of the children of God he or she may know, who are susceptible to the appeal of the great body of inspired literature which it modestly undertakes to represent? In so far as he does so, the reader will have a part in the good work of facilitating popular access to sources of perpetual refreshment and pentecostal inspiration.

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TYPICAL HYMNS OF PRAISE

TYPICAL HYMNS OF PRAISE

I

A VEDIC HYMN TO THE UNKNOWN CREATOR

BY THE RISHI HIRANYACARBHA PRAGATYA

I

The God of the golden Child, the sun at dawn,
Lo, where he appeareth! Though born but even now,
Yet is he very lord, he alone, of all:
Creating, revealing, heaven and earth with his glory!
To what God other than thee
Would we proffer our gifts of praise?

II

Who imparteth the spirit of life and the strength of health,
To whose ordinance and sway are duly obedient
All beings whatever, yea, and the bright Gods also,
To whom immortality cleaveth, and death, as shadows twain,—
To what God other than thee
Would we proffer our gifts of praise?

III

Who by his own omnipotent will is Lord
Of the whole vast world that hath breath, and eyes to behold;
Who disposeth forever as seemeth good unto him
Of all mankind and all living beings of earth;—
To what God other than thee
Would we proffer our gifts of praise?

IV

Whose greatness—look up, Ah, be they not verily these—
Yon mountains lifting aloft their winters of snow?
Yon ocean ocean's unwearying ebb and flow, and the rivers,—
Both arms of heaven reaching down either side to enfold us,—
To what God other than thee
Would we proffer our gifts of praise?

V

Who set on high the empyréan, pure and august,
Where move the constellations, and the earth below—
Who meted out himself the vasty firmament,
And assigned to the welkin the luminous mid of the sky:—
To what God other than thee
Would we proffer our gifts of praise?

VI

He of whom the heaven and the earth, by his sovran command
Made sure, do tremble in delight of exceeding desire,
Yearning at length to behold his face and adore
When glittereth the sun from th' orient day-spring to noon:
To what God other than thee
Would we proffer our gifts of praise?

VII

When in the beginning rose the primal waters, up-heaving
The quick seed of all on their bosom, and brought to the birth
The fire of self-oblation in golden glow,
Then flowered fair th' one soul of all the Gods:—
To what God other than thee
Would we proffer our gifts of praise?

VIII

He who, exalted in majesty, looked down on the welter
Of the waters, wherein doth surge his almighty power,—
Which enkindleth the flame of our hallowed sacrifice—
Above all Gods that are—who, who is God but He?
To what God other than thee
Would we proffer our gifts of praise?

IX

Nay, may there no harm befall us by his decree
Who wrought in blessed righteousness the heaven,
And of himself likewise begat the earth,
And the far-sweeping seas, alive with his light:—
To what God other than thee
Would we proffer our gifts of praise?

X

O thou who wast Lord ere yet, from the golden egg
Of th' arising day-star, sprang the vision and truth of all,—
None other than thou art Lord of all that is;
Bestow on thy worshippers the boon of our heart's desire:
When we lift our hands to thee
Do thou fill them with infinite good!

II

ZARATHUSTRA'S PRAYER

FOR THE DIRECT ASSURANCE WHICH MAKETH THE WORD OF GOD AVAIL

I

This do I ask of Thee, O Lord; speak, and make me to know the truth!

How may I (even I) in right humility worship one like thee
Who knoweth all things? And, wilt thou teach not—one like me,
thy friend?

Vouchsafing, in accord with thy law, the great joy of working
with thee,

Visiting us, likeminded to thee, with thine own most holy
mind?

II

This do I ask of Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

How I with gladness may verily come to the help of the Lord of
heaven,

Who hath himself at our hearts and hands required such service
of praise?

For thou, most gracious in holiness, by thy law of truth and right
Dost ward off destruction from body and soul—a faithful friend
who knoweth our need.

III

This do I ask of Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

Who in the beginning was father of the holy law revealed through
order and beauty?

Who established their everlasting paths for the glorious sun and
the stars?

Yea, who save thee determineth still how the moon shall wax and
wane?

These truths, and others like them, would I hear from thyself,
O thou who knowest all.

IV

This do I ask of Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

Who upholdeth the earth, and the heaven above and beneath;
That they fall not? Who erst brought forth the waters and the tall trees?

Who yoked the two fleet steeds with the winds unto the storm clouds?

Who wrought the mighty will unto holiness, and made it abide in the heart of man?

V

This do I ask of Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

Who with subtlety brought forth the light of heaven and the darkness of night?

Who fashioned well the eager will of the wakeful soul, and sleep?

Who the order unchanging whereby the dawn doth spread twixt midnight and noon

Showing forth to the man it floodeth with light what service is due unto thee?

VI

This do I ask of Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

Make sure in faith the truth of the doctrine thou biddest me publish abroad:

Doth a ready will to serve thee increase by good deeds the sway of thy holy law?

Dost thou by thy holy spirit appoint thy kingdom unto them that do right?

For whose sake else hast thou made the mother-soul of thy faithful herd to multiply joy?

VII

This is my prayer unto Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

Who hath established the blessed will ever zealous to serve in thy kingdom on earth?

Who by his deeply implanted will hath caused son to honor sire?

With these queries I urge thee, who knowest all things, that I may know all from thee,

O thou, by thy spirit gracious Creator and giver of all good things.

VIII

This is my prayer unto Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

What is thy blessed doctrine that I may meditate thereon evermore?

What are the inspiring songs of praise wherefor, inspired of thee, I implored thee?

And what sure testimonies shall enable thy people to serve thee in quiet steadfastness?

Whereby may my soul press forward in goodness, speak, speak that compelling Word!

IX

This is my prayer unto Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

How may I sanctify unto myself the vision of truth thou hast bestowed,

That as a master in the kingdom of loving kindness, persuasively I may impart it,

That possessing them both, indeed, I may with authority set thee forth

Who with the law dost dwell with thy people, and in the good will of every heart?

X

This do I ask of Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

What doctrine of all revelations of faith is in *thy* sight the best? Which shall cause our homes to see good days that go hand in hand with thy law?

Which ordereth our ways by justice and virtue to that will which ensueth the good?

May the prayers of my enlightened heart draw thee verily nigh unto me.

XI

This do I ask of Thee, O Lord: speak, and make me to know the truth!

Shall the mind that is swift unto goodness come from thee unto these thy servants

For whose sake, O all-knowing God, thy wisdom is published abroad?

For lo, am not I in these blessed gifts confessed of thy servants the foremost

Who all false gods, and them that worship the Lie, do cast out and abhor!

III

HYMNS TO ZEUS

ANCIENT INVOCATION

Muses of the Piërian Mount, whose lays be begetters of glory,
Hither, cry aloud, and praise your sire, even Zeus, in your hymn,—
Through whom are all mortal men,—both the unknown to fame and
the far-famed,
Even as sung or unsung, by the grace of Zeus the most mighty—
For lightly in sooth he imparteth strength, or the strong of thew
layeth low,
Lightly the uplifted proud he minisheth, and the lowly he lifteth
aloft,
Lightly he bendeth the crooked straight, and the haughty he wither-
eth to husks:
Zeus, who thundereth in the highest, whose abode is the uppermost
heaven,—
Hearken, behold and perceive! Guide, amend Thou our righteous
judgments!

I

HOMERIC HYMN TO ZEUS

Zeus, the best of all Gods that are, will I praise in holy song,
The best, ay, and greatest, the lord, afar-off beholding all things
And bringing all to an end, who taketh evermore sweet counsel
With Themis, the lady of law and right on her queenly couch
reclining.
Be gracious, O thou far-seeing son of Kronos—who lord is of time,
Child of heaven himself and of earth—O thou most glorious One,
And greatest forever, [yea, hearken to one who invoketh thine aid].

II

HYMN OF CLEANTHES TO ZEUS

I

Of immortal gods most glorious, adored under manifold names,
Almighty forever, O Zeus, heaven-god, who wroughtest and wieldest
nature,

Law-governed, steering the course of all with law, hail, hail! We
proclaim and invoke thee,
As is meet, for of thy being are we gotten thine offspring, and of
creatures that perish,
Which live and move on the earth, we alone are endowed with thy
likeness and voice:
Wherefore, thee, thee must I, summon with worship for aye, exalt-
ing thy power.

2

Lo, in sooth yon whole fair order wheeleth sublime about this earth
Following whither thou guidest, strong, and exulting in thy sway.
What thou holdest fast, to do thy will, thy servant in thine omnipo-
tent hands,
Behold: 'tis the twain-edged blazing inextinguishable thunderbolt,
At whose flash and crash the whole world shuddereth prone with
holy fear,
What time thou into right paths directest that common reason and
mind,
Which pulsing sweepeth and freely commingleth with whatso doth
appear
Both great and small, and hath mightier waxed 'till sovran in and
through all.

3

Nay, nought on this hallowed earth, O God, without thy Godhead
cometh to pass
From the unclomb height of heaven to the unplumbed deep of
the sea,
Save such things only as the wicked devise with their own sense-
voided mind,
Albeit thou wottest well how to perfect what lacketh, or outgoeth
the right,
Enduing in beauteous form the uncomely and formless, winning
thee foe to friend,
Yea, harmonizing the many in one that the noble do spring of
the base,
And one mind, shared in common of all, may arise thence enduring
for aye;

Which they only eschew and do flee from, that are wicked 'mong
mortal men,—
Ill-starred the rather, for that ever they fondly crave of good things
the mastery,
Yet none the less glance away from the law of God common to all,
nor hearken:
Though even they, would they follow with sane mind and heed it,
might lead brave, fortunate lives.

4

[But they start self-willed and fly backward from the right, each
after his own:
With eager zeal some, in pursuit of false glory accruing to an evil
strife,
The while others be turned aside from any fair order by a covetous
crafty greed,
And other some, unto listless sloth, and the delicate lusts of the flesh,
Wherefore, in their unseemly hot haste, what runneth athwart their
desire doth befall them.]

5

But O Zeus, bestower of all good gifts, cloud-wrapt in the dark,
whose word is the thunder,
Do thou rid us, children of men, from the bane of a craven
inexperience,
The which do thou shiver, O Father, and scatter from the soul,
granting grace that we 'light on
The blessed wisdom, in trust whereon Thou in righteousness steerest
all things;
That having received so great honor from thee, we in deed requite
thee with honor,
In our hymns, as beseemeth mortals, praising from the first to the
last thy works—
Seeing greater boon of joy there is none, for both them whom a
wound can slay
And Gods imperishable, than in righteousness to praise the law
common to all, that endureth forever!

8

III

ORPHIC HYMN TO ZEUS

Zeus is the first, Zeus shall be last, Lord and wielder of thunder;
Zeus is the head, Zeus is the midmost, and all things were made
by Him.

Zeus is very foundation of earth, and of the star-glistening heaven.
Zeus becometh the manly man, immortal Zeus the maiden chaste,
Zeus is the deep-drawn breath of all creatures, the unquenchable
flare of the fire,

Zeus is the root and fount of the vasty deep, Zeus is the sun and
the moon,

Zeus is absolute Lord, Zeus inmost law, and bringer to birth of all,
Whatso is veiled he veileth, and himself is their rise again to the
light;

Yea, out of his sacred heart, by his holy will is the evil men bear,
decreed.



A VIRGILIAN DEFINITION OF RELIGION

"*Virtute extendere vires.*"—By virtue, the essence of the man, in-
crease we the powers of man.

"*Spiritus intus alit.*"—The Cosmic Life-Spirit, the breath of heaven,
nourisheth a man from within himself.

"*Da pater augurium atque animis in labere nostris.*"—

Give us, O Father, Thy guidance, yea, and glide Thou in to take pos-
session of our souls.

IV

ST. PATRICK'S MORNING HYMN

ON GOING UP TO TARA, CALLED HIS BREASTPLATE, OR LORICA

Lo, I do stand up here today
Through a mighty strength: the invocation of the Trinity,
Through faith in the Blessed Three,
Through confession of the Holy One,
Through our being in the being of the Maker!

I do stand up here today
Through the strength of Christ's birth, with the godly rain of his
baptism,
Through the might of his hanging on cross, with his laying in tomb,
Through the power of his rising again, with his going up above into
heaven,
Through the virtue of his coming down in clouds for the judgment
of the day of doom.

I do stand up here today
Through the strength of the love of cherubim and seraphim,
In the wise obedience of angels,
In the service of archangels,
In the hope of uprising again unto godly reward,
In the prayers of patriarchs,
In the soothsaying of the prophets,
In the gospelling of the apostles,
In the witnessing unto faith of martyrs and confessors,
In the innocence of vowed virgins,
In the manly deeds of fearless men.

I do stand up here today
Through strength of heaven,
Splendor of sun,
Radiance of snow,
Gleam of the fire,
Swiftness of lightning,
Speed of the wind,
Depths of the sea,
Steadfastness of earth,
Stony hardness of the rock.

I do stand up here today
Through God's strength to steer me,
God's might to hold me up,
God's wisdom to guide me,
God's eye to look before me,
God's ear to hear for me,
God's word to counsel me,
God's hand to ward me,
God's way to lie plain before me,
God's shield to protect me,
God's host for my salvation:
From the snares of demons,
From the wiles of vices,
From the lures of nature,
From every one who shall wish me ill,
Afar and anear
In fellowship, or by myself alone.

Yea, I do invoke here today
All these powers betwixt me and the powers of evil,
Against every hardhearted merciless power that may assail my body
and soul,
Against incantations of false prophets,
Against black laws of the heathen,
Against disloyal laws of the heretic,
Against craft of the worshipper of idols,
Against spells of guileful women, and goblin smiths and druids,
Against every unhallowed wit and cunning that corrupteth man's
body and soul.

Christ to enfold me all about today
Against venom, against consuming fire,
Against shipwreck, against wounding with weapons,
That there may come to me abundant reward!
Christ with me, Christ before me to sunrise, Christ behind me to
sunset,
Christ in me, Christ under me, Christ over me,
Christ on my right hand to Northward, Christ on my left hand to
Southward,

Christ in breadth, Christ in length, Christ in heighth,
Christ in the heart of every man that is mindful of me,
Christ on the lips of everyone who holdeth converse with me,
Christ in every eye that beholdeth me,
Christ in every ear that doth hearken unto me.

Yea, I do stand up here today
Through a mighty strength: the invocation of the Trinity,
Through faith in the Blessed Three,
Through confession of the Holy One,
Through our being in the being of the Maker!

V

CANTICLE OF THE SUN

BY ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

I

INVOCATION:

Most highest, and almighty and ever-kind Lord
To thee belong the hallowing song, the splendor, the high fame
And every heart's whole thank and glad acclaim;
To thee, alone adored, be they outpoured,
Though no man worthy were to call upon thy name.

II

THE SUN:

Lauded be God, O thou omnipotent Lord
Exalting all thou hast created and made;
And most, my master SUN, my brother in radiance arrayed,
Which journeying day by day, illumeth us with his grace,
Beauteous in sooth, and fraught with exceeding glory,
In the brightness of whose shining verily we do behold thy face.

THE MOON:

Lauded be my Lord and God—of sister MOON, and every star
Shapen of thee aloft the heaven, where comely and clear they are.

THE WIND:

III

Lauded be my Lord and God—of my brother the WIND, together
With air and welkin rack, fair sky and varying weather,
Wherewith alway he tendereth his little ones nurture and stay.

THE WATER:

Lauded be my Lord and God—of my sister the WATER, thy
daughter demure
Meetest for man in manifold use, most humble, precious, pure.

THE FIRE:

IV

Lauded be my Lord and God—of my brother the flame of FIRE,
Wherewith thou dost kindle and set aglow our night of desire,
Beauteous, lusty of thew, still renewing the keen hue of his joy.

THE EARTH:

Lauded be my Lord and God—of our most dear mother, EARTH,
That hath us in keeping to cherish and nourish and curb,
And beareth us divers fruit and gay-colored flower and herb.

V

**BRETHREN OF CHRIST, TO WHOM IS VOUCHSAFED THE SPIRIT OF
MEEKNESS:**

Lauded be my Lord and God—for his BRETHREN, in chief,
Which bear no malice, and pardon proffer for sweet love's sake,
And ills without cure, and grief, and tribulations of spirit endure;
Yea, blessèd who faint not, in travail making no plaint,
For so of thee, O most Highest, shall each be crownèd thy saint.

THE DEATH OF THE BODY:

Lauded be my Lord and God—for our sister, bodily DEATH,
Whom no man 'scapeth at th' last, that draweth life's breath;
But woe unto him she findeth and bindeth in deadly sin,
And blessèd who walketh still with God in his holy will,
For no second death can befall or do him hurt at all.

DOXOLOGY:

VI

Laud ye, ascribe all good, give hearty thank and bless,
Yea, be ye right serviceable unto my Lord, with a great humble-
ness.

**SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN
ABORIGINAL RELIGION**

II

SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN ABORIGINAL RELIGION

I

HYMN TO WAKONDA, THE THUNDER GOD OF MYSTERY

A CENTO OF OMAHA BELIEFS AND RITUAL CUSTOMS

I

Wakonda is the unknown life,
Mysterious, too great for the mind of man.
Many things be godlike, for are they not all from Him?
But He alone is God!

II

Wakonda welcometh the new-born babe, on his eighth day,
into the fellowship of sun and moon and stars,
of winds and clouds and rain and mist,
of hills and valleys, rivers, lakes, trees, grasses,
of birds and animals, and insects manifold,
and into fellowship with Him that dwelleth in them all:
for He it is alone that leadeth the babe
beyond the four hills of man's life—childhood, youth, maturity,
old age—
into the unknown He knoweth. (pages 115-116)

III

Wakonda receiveth the child as he entereth the holy tent alone,
and walketh barefoot, steadyng baby steps unaided,
in baby hands bearing new moccasins
wherewith his feet must solemnly be shod.
He it is causeth him to be set upon a steadfast rock,
and hath him turned from the rising of the sun,
where he standeth near the doorway,
through the summer south unto the setting sun,
and through the wintry north unto the dawn once more,
betokening so the sequent seasons of man's life!

It is He then causeth the child to be whirled of the four winds
of heaven
in the four world-corners of the tent,
(that he pluck by handfuls the life-lore of each,)
and causeth him to take four steps shod now in the new
moccasins,
that he walk indeed through truth unto truth,
casting behind him forever his infant name. (page 121)

IV

It is Wakonda, the God of Thunder,
ordaineth life and death;
and unto Him the growing boy,
(so soon as he shall know his left hand from his right
and hath skill to serve and play,)
committeth his life, West of the fire of the hearth,
eager face directed toward the rising sun.
Unto Wakonda he offereth, dark as a shadow
flying through the air and scattered afar,
the shorn lock of his boyhood hair.
Yea, it is Wakonda in whose keeping so
he hath his life entrusted, to preserve or take away
as best may seem to Him for the good of His own people.
It is Wakonda plucketh it unto Himself.
Wherefore doth He come forthwith to help him
in the red flaring-up flames of the hearth;
in the fire of his leaping life: (page 122)
mighty now, for wholly hath he devoted body and soul
unto the God of his own people.

V

Yea, it is Wakonda, the unknown—
mysterious, awful, mighty—
on whom must all His children hang in helpless love,
who calleth his son to venture forth at length
in a lonely place unto Himself,
so soon as he wotteth of sorrow as well as joy. (page 128)
For have not the wise spoken, the aged, our Fathers,
and their words come down even unto us:— (page 598)

"Tears were ordained of Wakonda
 As a relief unto men's hearts.
 Wakonda maketh joy, and he also hath made tears."
 And lo, the aged sayeth, who knew our Fathers,
 having fared man's life even nigh unto the end:—
 "From my earliest years can I remember
 the secret sound of weeping.
 I have heard it all my days
 and shall hear it till I die.
 For must there not be parting so long as man dwelleth on the
 earth?
 Wakonda, hath he not willed it so?" (page 598)
 Wherefore it was Wakonda taught His people from age to age
 so that of old time they decreed: (page 128)
 "We will teach our children that they cry unto Wakonda.
 Let them not ask the thing they would,
 but call upon Him the rather to do as liketh Him;
 And whatso is good, shall Wakonda freely bestow on them,
 stooping in pity to them, our children!"
 As our fathers spake, so hath it ever been.

VI

Wherefore unto Wakonda, from father to son—
 so soon as he knoweth joy, and sorrow also—
 the youth alone goes forth, to seek His presence;
 And he fasteth for four days from dawn to dawn—
 (one day for the rising sun,
 one for the summer's heat,
 one for the setting sun,
 one for the winter's cold)
 And soft clay, fetched up out of the ooze of the waters,
 (whereof was moulded at the first the earth—
 whereof the potter fashioneth what thing he willeth
 and it retaineth the form of his thought,
 ay, the very mould of earth, in which also he delighteth to abide,
 Wakonda, alike the moulder, the moulded;)
 such clay doth the youth then lay upon his head,
 and the tears from flooded eyes streaming down his cheeks,
 erect after his fast he craveth nothing—
 both hands outthrust in supplication,



a poisonous snake shall lie in wait for him,
 he shall dash his foot against a stone,
 or yield his scalp-lock—the lock of his name,
 of his vision, of his selfhood—to the avenging foe!

It is Wakonda, who loveth his people, (page 425)
 that ordereth the camp for rest at night:
 the sacred tents where each should be—
 crosswise, east and west and north and south—
 nigh unto the chuckling runnel, or the mist-wreathing sheen of a
 lake,
 each tent aglow with the crackling hearth-fire within,
 with the basking love of friends,
 the tethered horses pasturing nearby,
 silence enfolding them and the soothing dark,
 the vault of stars, aquiver, spread far above all.

It is Wakonda giveth charge to the speedy runner:—
 ‘Come, go far and spy out the land,
 for my people crave their rightful sustenance.”
 And he flyeth and spyeth, hither and thither,
 and returneth to the sacred tent whispering a true tale
 of the wild herd, allotted of Wakonda to His people for food.
 And the chief straightway sendeth out the heralds crying:—
 “Clouds of dust arise from the earth as far as the eye may reach!
 Wakonda it is hath blessed us with plenty!”

Then boldly, yet with care,
 recking of the good that befalleth all his people,
 not of himself alone, nor of his dear ones only,
 each brave advanceth under the stern restraint of the leader,
 who admonisheth all alike by the herald:—
 “Pity me, O my people, for do I not belong to you?
 Am I not he whose fate is altogether in your hands?
 If any be careless or guilty must not I suffer in his stead?
 If we fail, who but I must bear the fault of each and all?”

(page 279)

IX

Ha, Wakonda, Ha, Mysterious One,
 Ha, Rock in the great waters in the midst of the four winds of
 heaven!—
 Ha, many and many be the Wakondas, named by thy name, the
 wondrous haunting Mysteries,
 for that they be like unto Thee,
 yea, all things whatever be wrapped about for man with mystery.

So the white-ribbed shell, and the black likewise, dieth no more,
once formed of a life departed hence,
which forsook it on the shore of the great water
for a token to comfort the bereaved,
where he and she, hand in hand, find it, weeping, in the sand,
and laugh, for they have heard its hidden speech; (page 509)

So the smooth stone also that is hard and shining,
wherethrough the light doth freely pierce
but not the wind or the will of man,
in whom the lightning slumbereth,
which telleth of the Primal, the Eternal One, who standeth fast
forever; (page 570)

So the thunder in the sky, that cracketh and rumbleth
from horizon even to horizon,
full of majesty, fury and terror,
shaking the earth unto the inmost heart of the gloom; (page 599)

Ha, verily these be Wakondas
godlike, marvelous,
but not Thyself, thy Self, Wakonda!

So also man's elder brother,—
the eagle, the owl, the buffalo,
the grey wolf, the bear,
the elk, the deer,
the otter, the squirrel, the swan,—
ay, many and many, and many
in the waters, in the air, on the land,
in the wilderness and in the forest,—
each one hath his several gift of Wakonda,
diverse, single, precious, a man may rightly covet
and win for himself, if his elder brother stoop to him,
in kinship, in fellowship; (page 600)

But One, one alone, one forever is Wakonda,
unchangeable, exalted, very near.
Ha, we hang on Him, ha, we cry to Him above, yea, and with
tears!

And of Him if we live or die,
in childhood or old age, we say
as said our fathers before us
and their fathers before them:—
"It is Wakonda willeth it from the beginning,
It is good, so be it unto us!"

II

THE PAWNEE RITUAL OF THE HEROIC CHANGE OF NAME

I

THE GOODLY CUSTOM OF THE NEW NAME ASSUMED BY THE HERO

1

Hearken!

It was the manner of our forefathers
In the ancient days when it befell a Man of men
To be born anew from above,
By deeds of valor,
That he cast behind him for all time the name he bore till then,
Lo, even he who of yore to some unknown place,
Divinely appointed, strange and full of awe,
A consecrated Leader of war strode boldly forth
Over the waste earth spanned of the vast heaven,
The distant abode where dwell the mysterious powers of the Most
High.

2

Hearken!

A great and goodly company were they—
Who, following their consecrated Leader,
Brought back joy of blood to their kindred and pride of prowess
With the song of victory they sang!
Wouldest thou then do likewise?
Wouldest thou overtake their glory?
Fear not then to go forth as they of yore
Unto the unknown hour, God-appointed,
Sacred, awful. Unto thy trysting place of fate
Go forth, go forth as they,
Whosoever thou be
Who wouldest follow in their footsteps!

3

Hearken!

Two bands of our people throng—
The one homeward bound, they that went forth
Hazarding their lives;
The other band, the folk of the village, young and old, flocking to
greet them,

Hailing with joy their triumph!
Behold the consecrated Leader of the war,
He who hath brought from afar unto all alike a great gladness,—
They sing the song of victory, he and his mighty men of valor,
On the crest of the hill that standeth on guard before our village,
Returning from the unknown place,
Sacred, awful, the trysting place of fate,
From the great divinely granted moment
Unto this blessed hallowed hour!

II

HOW THE HERO COMPASSED HIS HEROIC PURPOSE

1

"How might such things betide?"
Inquirest thou. "Who might enable even such a man thereto?"
Hearken! not otherwise than so
Can great deeds come to pass:—
The brave man went aloof into the wilderness alone and fasted—
Communing with his own heart, he stood still, and fainted
not,
He sent forth his mighty prayer to journey afar;
Eagerly, insistently he urged it on
Until it reached forth even to where aloft the powers hold council,
Under yon vast heaven:
Lift up thine eyes
If indeed thou mayest as he behold them seated yonder on high!

2

"How might such things betide?"
Inquirest thou. "Who might enable even such a man thereto?"
Hearken! not otherwise than so
Can great deeds come to pass!
The brave man stood alone, and sent forth, and urged far
And farther still his heart's desire, till it sped on to the abodes
Of holy gods, who gather on high—hearken! and over them
Tirawa Atius dwelleth, the Father in Heaven—
Bow thee in reverent fear, for lo, yonder he throneth
Alone, awful, supreme above all gods!

3

Hearken! not otherwise than so
Can great deeds come to pass!

The gods, gathered together, received the prayer of the brave man,
They passed his petition from mighty hand to hand,
They sat in the holy circle and took counsel together,
They, the Powers of heaven. Hearken, they sat in solemn as-
sembly

High above, the powers of heaven
Yonder in the piling clouds, floating aloft the blue.

4

Hearken! not otherwise than so
Can great deeds come to pass!

They accepted his petition, they conferred concerning him
One with another, they gave their consent, with one accord they
granted his prayer,

The heavenly Powers seated on their shining thrones on high;
Hearken, they approve and lift his prayer up above them
Unto the Heavenly Father and they bow them in reverent awe
before him,

Even toward the place where He throneth alone, awful, supreme.

5

Hearken! not otherwise than so
Can great deeds come to pass!

The whirling winds were summoned of the powers above,
And they piled up the sheer heavy storm clouds, voluminous
cloud on cloud

They billowed up in the sky, and they clomb to the topmost crags
of the blue.

The thunders marched with them in ordered ranks,
They occupied in battle array the heavenly places.

Then wrought the dreadful thunders their mighty part at the will
of the Powers on high,

They charged, they rolled to the earth, down the slant skies—
To fulfill the divine behest

And make ready all things for the perfect deed!

Hearken! not otherwise than so
Can great deeds come to pass!

What time Papapíchus, the zigzag darter,
The lightning flashed, enclosed in mantling clouds of thunder,—
He also obeyed the summons of the heavenly powers,
Lo, the lightning arrived in the twinkling of an eye,
And they entrusted their bidding to him,
And he flashed, he flew, he fell to earth down the slant skies,
Even to the elect spot where stood the dedicated man of valor—
Whose prayer had mightily prevailed with God—
And Papapíchus himself brought in the man's soul the noble deed
to perfection!

Hearken! not otherwise than so
Can great deeds come to pass!

On sped before the consecrated man of valor
And darted to right and left of him,
Kahariwisiri, the swallows, the messengers of God:
Swallows were they with little breasts,
Black as the starless night;
Swallows were they with little breasts,
Red as the flaming dawn;
Swallows were they with little breasts,
Yellow as the golden new risen sun;
Swallows were they with little breasts,
White as the broad day in the toppling clouds at noon;—
And whirling in swift flight they filled with courage and cheer
The brave man, the chosen of God, and his fellows;
And they sent a secret fear before their face into the hearts of
the foe afar.

Hearken! not otherwise than so
Can great deeds come to pass!

The hallowed Leader and his followers, they welcomed the spiritual gift,
They seized the goodly occasion, they grasped the helping hand.

They walked forth on their bold emprise, jeopardizing their lives.
In the strength that fell upon them slantwise down the skies,
They reached their difficult goal,
They fulfilled their dread commission.
They accomplished the heroic deed
In the strength of the powers of heaven,
That stooped unto the earnest prayer of the brave man.

III

THE HERO'S OLD AND HIS NEW NAME

1

Let all keep silence reverently and take heed unto our words!
Once more the hero's name we change.

2

Hearken ye, of his kindred and tribe, his near and dear ones, his
friends and well wishers, his rivals, enviers and secret
foes:—

We were wont to single him out and to summon his presence,
Calling him as we do now once more for the last time:
Rarutskátit, *Black feathered arrow*:—the shaft of purpose
Drawn from the quiver, winged for swift flight,
Released from the bent bow, true to its aim, quivering in the heart
of his quarry:

Out of the darkness was he drawn—the gloom that is mother of the
gleam—

And shot was he into the unknown!

Hearken, he that answered to that name, though worthy and great,
Low he lies, dead now at his own feet. Yet mourn not, rejoice ye
rather,

Leap ye up with him to new life, and to greater glory!

3

Hearken, now we are assembled all, his kindred, his people,
Utter we solemnly the new name he hath won for himself as his own
forever,

Yea, let us cry aloud together and shout it abroad:—

4

Hearken, O well wishers and enviers of his deed,—
 Exalting him, exalt we not his people also?
 Is not the courage and glory of his deed, our encouragement, our
 pride, our glory?

5

Hearken!
 Shakúru Wárukste—*Sacred Sun*—shall be his Name henceforward,
 Who hath accomplished so great a deed of valor!
 The sacred Sun is he, new arisen in splendor—
 At the flaming horizon! *Shakúru Wárukste, hear us!*
 We call upon Thee by thy new name! Arise!
 Lo, he cometh to life! He is born anew!
 His very self now is he!
 Behold him, for what he truly is in the sight of God and man!
 Here he standeth fully revealed at last.
 Rejoice, rejoice!
 Is not His valor our pride
 Is not His glory our glory?
 Rejoice, rejoice!

THE CHAKÁÁ AND THE RARIS TESHARU CONSTELLATIONS

A PAWNEE CANTO AND PARAPHRASE FROM THE XXII. ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY

I.

Tiráwa Atius, the Father in heaven, appointed the stars
To guide the steps of his wandering children;
Chakáá, the Pleiades, not only point out the trail for their feet,
They impart wisdom also to the spirits of the people. (p. 330)

II.

Once upon a time a brave chief set out on a journey. (p. 152)
(In quest of holy mysteries went he forth) (p. 330)
He travelled far, yea far, and farther still,
(And when at length he had the thing he sought:
A secret revelation for his people,—
How that the Heavenly Father in a chosen man
May make a man of another kindred his very son after the spirit,
And knit up tribe so to tribe with bonds of fellowship, holier
than blood)
He yearned for his people, and was fain to return unto them.
He set his face from the distant land whither he had fared,
retracing his steps thither,
(But so strange was he now in the far country, the little child,
Newborn of a spiritual birth, begot again of an earthly father with
the blessing and power of God,)
That many days he travelled, yet night after night he reached
By some new trail ever dead ashes, the selfsame campfire of his
first lonely halt.

III.

One night, sore bewildered and weary unto death,
He laid him down to sleep for loneliness and yearning sorrow.
And lo, a Vision visited his perplexed spirit:
Behold, a Man drew nigh, shining, still,
His eyes sparkling for inward inexpressible joy,
Who spake to him as a dear friend: "My brother,

Tirawa Atius, the Heavenly Father, hath ordained from of old
 Yon clustering stars above, the holy ones thou seest, sprightly,
 quiet—
 One for the east, one for the west, one for the north, one for
 the south,
 One for the zenith where He dwelleth, one for the nadir beneath,
 the land no living eye beholdeth—
 That they should dwell each in his own place, yet fare together
 onward,
 To shine severally, yet all as one forever and forever;
 And He named the stars Chakáa, of whom am I the chief.
 Ha, if the people, thy people will but lift up their eyes unto them
 from the earth,
 They will be lead aright to the place where they fain would be.
 Look, my brother, look steadfastly, and thou thyself shalt find thy
 people.” (p. 152)

IV.

And lo, the man awoke from sleep refreshed,
 And marvelling greatly in the dark of the still night
 From the little hill where favored of the vision he had lain,
 He saw above the line where Father Sky meets Mother Earth,
 In very deed Chakáa eye to eye,
 Climbing the heaven, moving slowly, shining still.
 And the homesick wayfarer was glad at heart as he watched the
 heavenly brethren
 Sparkling each distinct, yet reaching each to each
 Filaments fine of iridescent light, yea, and of fellowship too, in
 the spirit of a common celestial journey.
 And having beheld them, his soul full of rapture, obedient to their
 steadfast beckoning,
 He turned him to the northward and safely reached the country of
 his people, and his home,
 Enriched of the blessed mysteries he had learned in the far
 strange land,
 Yea, and with the heavenly doctrine also of the stars, Chakáa.

V.

Ha, many things have the stars to tell us, the morning star, the
 evening star,
 Many things have the constellations to tell us, all about the heaven.
 But Chakáa, the still brethren, they would guide us all aright,

They would teach the people how we may cleave one to another
in the heavenly places,
Having one mind alone to mount into the stillness of the night
and shine.

Wherefore, we sing this song, made for his people by the wayfarer
Whom their leader visited in dream and saved;
Yea, hearken, we sing it circling solemnly four times about the
holy lodge:—

“They come to us, they rise, behold!
Over the marge of Mother Earth
Into Father Sky, they rise, they rise,
Chakáa the silent brethren!
Ah ’tis a blessed thing to behold them yonder,
More blessed yet for us to mount with them,
To shine together each in his place as they!
They come to us, they rise,
We come to them, we rise,
We as Chakáa mount on high!
Behold them coming, climbing,
And we as they
Brethren in unity together.” (p. 151 and p. 330)

VI.

“Ha, it is an hard thing truly, very hard for us,—
Saith the wise man, the old man who knew our fathers,—
“But ye must all agree on whatsoever thing ye would,
If we will have our prayer.
All our spirits, O my people, must become one spirit,
United mightily as one only selfsame spirit. (p. 52)
And if thereto we attain not, the fault, ah, it lieth
Not in the order of our being, not in the decree of the Gods.
In us alone it lieth: are we earnest? sincere? are we true? and
truly kind?
We have not fixed, O children, our minds with a common
brotherly desire, (p. 292)
We are not one single yearning heart lifted up to heaven in prayer;
And therefore, Tirawa Atius, our Heavenly Father, who dwelleth
in the zenith
Above the holy circle of the piled white clouds where sit the Gods
in council,
May not, woe is me, bless us his children as he is so fain to bless.”

VII.

Look up into the moveless north of the sky! Lo, high yonder
Not far from his perfect rest dartleth an orbèd arch of stars,
In fashion even as the embrace of the whole sky
Reaching down either side and enfolding the earth.
Yea, there above us hath the Heavenly Father set them himself,
To hang in our sight, his token unto the reverent children:
How that the chiefs shall seat them as the stars in a heavenly order,
All drawing the azure orbèd sign thereof upon their foreheads,
And from the summit of the arch between the gleaming eyes
draw down
An arrowy azure line, betokening that the breath in their nostrils
Shall be thenceforward the very breath of the holy God.
Mark, their solemn gatherings, their sacred dances shall be the
gatherings, the dances of God.
Invisibly, in the spirit shall they dance as yon twinkling winter stars,
Full of exceeding gladness, but ever calm and still;
Mark how thereafter they move freely among their fellows,
How they lead the people that call them chief:
Though apart, in heavenly unity one with another, they shall not
strive or cry
But shine the rather as their brethren in the noon of night. (p. 234)

VIII.

Such holy things and many more the stars would tell us all,
Us the children of the Heavenly One, our Father:
How we should stand each in his place, and move together forward
with his fellows:
How we should dwell among men as Father Sky doth brood over
Mother Earth,
How we should leap invisibly, in spirit only, full of the heavenly
gladness,
How we should hang as the sign of God and lift up the eyes and the
hearts of men
Till they may become one soul in a shared hunger for the Heavenly
One,
Who verily set his token for them even whence he doth send down
His breath to be their life, his stillness their awe, his love for
them—their joy.

THE RITUAL OF THE GREAT WHITE ROCK

AN OMAHA CENTO AND TRANSCRIPT

I.

COMMUNION WITH THE GREAT WHITE ROCK

1

They that possess the sacred stone
Wherethrough freely the light passeth,
The stone of the Thunder-god—
They be such as, fasting, in a dream
Beheld the water-monster, the Leviathan,
Lashing to foam with his mighty tail
The shining mirror of the lake.

*Unto whom is addressed this secret
revelation of God*

2

Little clothing arrays the votary,
His body adorned only with the gay design
Drawn in color, to set forth his peculiar inspired
vision.
In the summer time they assemble solemnly
To call upon the power of Wakonda.

*The worshipper
adorned only
with his conse-
crating dream*

3

Along the earth they pass by turn their hands
To draw thence mystic virtue,
And diffuse it over their arms,
Ay, over the whole body even to the feet.

*Seeking life from
the steadfast
Rock*

4

From their mouth, wherewith a man taketh in and
uttereth the mystery,
They do draw then the dark lines of fate—
Like the charred trail of the forest fire,
Kindled of the lightning-bolt, declaring so the
teaching:—

*The speech of the
initiated shall be
a fiat*

5

Whatsoever thou hast received
Ay, and what thou hast uttered,
That shalt thou also do
With right hand as with left!

*The initiate shall
do the truth*

6

*The Rock in the
symbol of the
translucent stone
in the mouth of
the initiate*

And the stone of thunder
Wherethrough passeth the sunlight
Taketh up its abode in the prophetic mouth of the
worshipper.

7

*The sybolic shoot-
ing with the stone
and its mystic
meaning*

Whomso the thunder-bolt smiteth
He falleth stark even where he standeth;
Released, his spirit leapeth about the fire,
And circleth joyfully with his brethren
Free in the four winds of heaven.

8

*Each initiate, his
own personal song
of parting from
the sacred
assembly*

Brethren though they be, yet each singeth
His own song earnestly at parting,
Nor may another hinder or dismay him,—
For the Rock heareth, he that was in the beginning
And standeth fast forever,
That knoweth each one by his own song.

9

*The spiritual ben-
ediction of the
Rock goes with
the initiate*

And the Rock gladdeneth him; for hath not he,
As his very possession forever,
The sacred stone wherethrough the sunlight passeth?
The sacred stone of the thunder,
Of the great waters above the firmament?
Wherefore then should he be afraid?

II.

THE GREAT WHITE ROCK, THE CREATOR

1

*Unto whom is the
revelation, save
unto such as have
had their own
vision?*

Hearken to the song we sing
That none may truly understand
Save even he who like unto us
Is chosen in dream of the selfsame vision
By the Great White Rock from the midst of the
waters.

2

Hearken, hearken,
 Age hath taught me wisdom;
 Chief have I been on the warpath,
 And leader also in the great tribal hunt;
 The sacred songs and their meanings were made
 known to me
 By them that went before us—
 Over the third and fourth hills, and beyond.

*The wise old man
 reveals the an-
 cient tradition as
 he received it*

3

In the beginning all things that are
 Were in the mind of Wakonda,
 The God of mystery, whose will worketh in thunder.
 All creatures, ay, and man, were spirits only;
 They moved freely between the earth and the stars,
 Seeking a place where they might enter
 And take possession of this bodily life.

*The souls of all
 living move free-
 ly through space
 seeking an abode*

4

Wherefore ascended they first to the sun,
 But in the sun was there found no abode for them;
 Then passed they over to the moon—
 But neither might the moon offer them a home;
 They descended therefore to the earth,
 And lo, they beheld it covered deep with waters.

*The souls of all
 living forms find
 no abode meet for
 them*

5

They floated through the air,
 North and East and South and West,
 Yet found they no dry land;
 And sorely did it grieve them.

*The souls are
 grieved that they
 must continue
 homeless*

6

On a sudden, from the midst of the waters
 Uprose the Great White Rock.
 It broke into roaring flames,
 And the waters flew upward as clouds in the air.

*The Great White
 Rock appears as
 bodying forth the
 fiat of Wakonda*

The creation unfolds, and the homeless souls of all living are involved in its evolution

Dry land appeared.
 The grasses and the trees grew.
 Then alit the hosts of spirits
 And took upon them flesh and blood.
 They fed on the seeds of the grasses,
 And on the fruits of the trees;
 And the land did tremble with gladness,
 Ay, and with words of grateful praise
 Honoring the Maker of all things,
 The mysterious one,
 The God of Thunder,
 Wakonda.

III.

THE CREATION RECOUNTED IN A MYSTERY

1

Gathering of all forms of life

Lo, to the Eastward, whence cometh the sun,—
 multitudes!
 Of every race and tribe, everywhere, appeareth man!
 And great beasts of every kind, none can number
 them nigh and far!
 And lo, it came to pass that they gathered themselves
 together.
 Insects also, manifold, innumerable, swarm abroad.
 Yea, it came to pass that they gathered all together,
 But in which manner and whence they came, what
 man shall say?

2

The Great White Rock arises from midst of waters

One alone, the greatest, exalted above all,
 Filling with living thought, the maker of all,—
 Incontonga, the Great White Rock, lifted himself
 on high,
 Reaching up to the heights of heaven, his head above
 the clouds,
 Yea verily up to the height of heaven:—
 "This shall my little ones say, when they fashion
 their thoughts of me, and worship!

How far soever they fare through life, in such wise
shall they make mention of me.”
Verily so spakest thou, and thy words have come
even unto us.

3

Thereupon, nighest in dignity, set aloft,
Peton nuga, thou great Crane, didest stand—Lo, his
beak of exceeding length,
His neck, likewise,—none of any creature like there-
unto for length,—
And thou, bird of the waters, smotest the earth with
thy swift strokes.

*The Crane, the
bird of the water,
smites the earth*

4

“Such shall be their parable, who can tell the truth
thereof?
Of my people—ay, of you my ruddy people, full of
fire, of life, of the sunrise—
Whensoever my little ones fashion their thought of
me to worship me!”

*Such the legend
of the Creation*

5

Whereupon, the next in order standeth
Shontonga nuga, the great grey he-Wolf, and his howl
Maketh indeed the broad earth to shudder with fear:
The beast of the earth doeth that which is impossible,
with no striving;
Whereof also a tale have men to tell, filled full of awe.

*The great grey
Wolf, beast of the
earth, makes earth
tremble*

6

Fourth in order, Hega, the Buzzard, neck red as fire,
red as blood—
Wings spread abroad, plumes up-bending at the tip
in the heat of the sun,—
The lord of the air, he slowly flappeth his pinions,
Calmly with no striving he floateth far on his way
through the sky;
In the mouths of the wise elders, an ensample for us
to note and heed.

*The Buzzard, the
bird of the air,
flies away in the
sun*

IV.

INTERCESSION WITH THE GREAT WHITE ROCK

1

**Address of
Invocation**

I cry unto thee, Ancient of Days,—(*hearken unto
our prayer*)
Thou Great White Rock—(*hearken*)
Ancient of Days, (*hearken*,
I cry unto thee,) I have taught thy little ones,
That they obey thee. (*hearken*)
Ancient of Days, (*hearken*)
I cry unto thee!

2

**The Great White
Rock forever un-
moved**

I cry unto thee!
Unshaken in sooth, world without end,
Steadfast thou sittest. (*hearken*)
Thy seat in the midst of the divers paths of the
onrushing winds,
In the midst of the life-giving winds thou sittest
(*hearken*)
Ancient of Days,—(*hearken*,
I cry unto thee!) About thee the little grasses cling.
(*hearken*)
Thou sittest as though abiding in thine own dwelling
place. (*hearken*,
I cry unto thee!) Verily unmoved thou sittest till
the nesting birds have covered thee all over,
Patient, though their feathers and down have decked
thy reverend head
Ancient of Days! (*hearken*)

3

**The Primal
Waters the chil-
dren of the Rock
would touch**

O Thou who art next unto the Rock in power,
(*hearken*)
Thou who followest after the Rock in power,
(*hearken*)
I cry unto thee O great Water, (*hearken*)
Primal water, thou that hast flowèd forever
Yea, even ere time was, (*hearken*,

I cry unto thee)—thy children have taken of thy
sacred being;
Though none hath revealed thy mystery to them,
These thy little ones be fain to touch thee!

4

I cry to thee, Thou standest and art our abiding place,
Even one sure abiding place and refuge for us.

(*hearken*)

All the great beasts at thy bidding (*hearken*,
I cry unto thee) do yield us pelts for the covering of
our tent.

"These my little ones" thou hast said, "Let their
thoughts dwell gratefully on me and worship."

(*hearken*)

*Animal life yields
shelter to chil-
dren of the Rock*

5

I cry to Thee, that upholdest with thine own self our
lodge (*hearken*)

Thou standest over us with bowed back,
With laden shoulders, stooping above us,
Verily it is Thou that standest so!

"So" hast thou said, "Shall these my little ones think
tenderly of me!" (*hearken*)

*The vegetable
kingdom yields
the tent-pole and
frame*

6

Brushing back the hair from thy brows (*hearken*)
The hair as it were of thine ancient head,
Ay, the grasses that grow, clinging close to thee,
Thy hair that is hoary with age and wisdom,
The hair that groweth, reverently crowning with eld
thy head: (*hearken*)

*The Rock would
speak to his
children*

7

"What ways" dost thou promise "my little ones shall
choose,

Which trail so-ever they flee by from danger,—
They shall escape unto safety till their shoulders
stoop likewise for very age,

As they walk in the well trodden path of life, their
hands shading their straining sight,

As they go forward into good old age!" (*hearken*)

*Promise of old
age by the Rock
to his children*

*Prayer for
strength in walk
with the Great
Rock*

I cry to Thee! This is the heart's desire of thy
children:

That they partake indeed of thine own great might—
Wherefore the little ones would fain cleave close to
thy side in the way (*hearken*)

As they walk with thee, O Ancient of Days, (*hearken
hearken*)

V.

THE GREAT WHITE ROCK BROUGHT INTO THE TENT

1

*Children brought
the Rock home in
symbol stones*

I cry to thee, Ancient of Days, (*hearken*)

Thy children are in sore distress,

Therefore have they brought thee into their home:

"It is my will to dwell with them, to succour and to
teach them."

Even so, without doubt, hast thou spoken, for so have
our fathers told us! (*hearken*)

2

*Children desire
strength of the
Rock*

Thy children are in sore distress. (*hearken*)

That in thee, who belondest to them, they may seek
protection,

Therefore have they brought thee hither where they
lodge (*hearken*,

I cry unto thee!) for that thy children long to stand
upright in thy strength.

3

*Deprecation of
the Rock's dis-
pleasure*

Howbeit they have now brought thee into their home
(*hearken*)

Ancient of Days, (*hearken*)

What thing soever they may have done amiss,
remember it not thou against them.

They be but simple in heart and mind; do thou judge
them therefore in thy great fatherly kindness,
Ancient of Days. (*hearken*)

VI.

PRAYER TO BE SET WITH THE GREAT WHITE ROCK IN THE CENTRE OF ALL THINGS

1

I cry unto thee! Ancient of Days, (*hearken*) *Invocation*
I cry to thee, Great White Rock that sittest aloof on
high,
Ancient of Days, (*hearken*)
To thee I offer my prayer
Ancient of Days. (*hearken*)

2

I cry to thee, Ancient of Days, (*hearken*) *The Rock that*
The great water that lieth about thee and none may *uprose from the*
pass over it. *waters*
Ancient of Days (*hearken*)
In the midst of the waters thou didst lift up thyself
and take thy seat on high.
Ancient of Days (*hearken*)
Thou, of whom there is none may tell whence thou
camest, (*hearken*)
Ancient of Days (*hearken*)
From the midmost waters thou arosest to take thy
seat on high!

3

We have heard it said that thou criest: "I am the *Rock kind to the*
Rock! *reverent; stum-*
Though I shall bear up these my little ones *bbling-block to the*
Though I sit patiently and hearken to their speech." *profane*
(So have we heard, so have our fathers heard before
us)—
"If any shall speak amiss,—be it never so plain for
the wayfaring man, that his footstep slide
not—
Yet upon this my earth, shall he stumble and fall!"
Even so have we heard.

4

Promise of purification appealed to by children

(*Ancient of Days, hearken*)
 "Whatso is unclean (*hearken*)
 It shall not enter my pure one. (*hearken*)
 All foulness shall flow off and away from thee, as
 thou dost sit with me!" (*hearken*)
Ancient of Days, hearken!)

5

Presence and fellowship with such as pray aright to him

(*Ancient of Days, hearken*)
 "If one of mine pray to me aright (*hearken*)
Ancient of Days, hearken)
 My presence shall abide continually with him,
 (*hearken*)
 He shall go far forth in the way and farther still
 (*hearken*,
Ancient of Days)
 Unto the fourth hill of old age shall they go,
 (*hearken*)
 Ay, unto the third of middle age, and unto the
 fourth, (*hearken*)
 As they go, shall they appear thereon and stand
 with me."
 So hast thou verily spoken, and our Fathers have
 told us.
 (*Ancient of Days, hearken!*)

6

Vision of Rock, and promise to help his children who meditate on him

I cry to thee, Ancient of Days (*hearken*)
 Thou also sittest as one that longeth mightily for his
 heart's desire,
 Thou also sittest as one whose sides are wrinkled,
 Thou also sittest as one with knitted brows,
 Thou also sittest as one whose arms hang down
 listless, in their own strength helpless:—
 "My little ones shall be as I, if they pray unto me
 aright." (*hearken*)
Ancient of Days, hearken!)

7

O thou who art also the bowed pillar of our house,
(hearken)
 That stoodest by the river-edge
 As a willow whose topmost boughs
 Did dip their sprays again and again in the clear
 running water; *(hearken)*

*Willow tent-pole
 symbol of the
 steadfast Rock*

8

O thou who art ever the bowed pillar of our house:
(hearken)
 "One of these my little ones—*(hearken)*
 I shall stand over each of them and brood upon him;
(hearken)
 All things unclean in him *(hearken)*
 Shall I wash so away from everyone of them
(hearken)
 That in the end they shall appear with me and stand
 upright, having overcome whatever would
 hinder or harm their life."
 So hast thou verily spoken, and thy words have come
 unto us, even unto us also.

*Rock as tent-pole
 brooding on his
 children*

9

Ancient of Days *(hearken)*
 Our fathers have told us that thou hast most surely
 said:
 "In calling upon me, say ye: 'Our Father!'"
 And thou Water *(hearken)*
 I cry unto thee, bear away past the many turns of
 the stream,
 Through the swirl and the eddies, into the marshy
 shallows, all that is unclean and vexeth us.
 Let nought impure enter ever again into us!

*Rock bids
 children call him
 Father, and will
 purify them*

10

(Ancient of Days, hearken)
 "Whoso draweth nigh and toucheth me lovingly with
 face or lips
 All that is unclean in him *(hearken)* . . .
 I shall throughly purge it away!"

*The whole body
 to be cleansed by
 such as touch
 him*

So hast thou spoken, and our fathers have told us:
(*hearken*)

"Yea, the four gateways of the body,
And all within the body shall I thoroughly cleanse,
and it shall be pure."

So hast thou spoken, and our fathers have told us.
(*hearken*)

11

*The purified, set
with the Rock
in the breath of
God at centre of
universe*

"Little ones, my children, (*hearken*)
Through you truly shall the light shine.
In the midmost place where meet the four winds of
life

Ye shall appear, and stand upright steadfast with me
forever."

So hast thou spoken, and our fathers have told us,
Ancient of Days. (*hearken*)

VII.

PRAYER TO WALK WITH ROCK ALL THEIR DAYS

1

*The Rock one of
the seven, with
four points of
the compass,
zenith and nadir*

I cry to thee, Ancient of Days, (*hearken*)
I cry to thee! When the sacred seven
Were gathered together,
Ancient of Days, (*hearken*)
Thou wast with the seven,
Thou wast the seventh, so have we heard,
And thou alone, midmost, hadest knowledge of all
things.

2

*The Rock at
centre, only
omniscient
answerer of
prayer*

Ancient of Days, (*hearken*)
When longing for protection and guidance, (*hearken*)
Mankind did seek in thought for a way, (*hearken*)
Behold Thou satest, pure, enduring forever,
In the midmost place, where meet all trails,
There satest Thou, blown on alike of the four winds
of life,
Between the noon of day and the noon of night,
Mighty alone of all to receive prayer, and almighty to
succour!

3

Ancient of Days, (*hearken*)

Where is a mouth in Thee, that thou mightest speak
to man?

Where is a heart, to get knowledge and understand-
ing?

Where be the feet, that thou mightest visit us in
every place?

Yet art Thou mighty alone of all to receive prayer
and almighty likewise to succour! (*hearken*)

*The Rock not
like a man, yet
hearkens to
man's prayer*

4

(*Ancient of Days, hearken*)

"I have desired, with my little ones, yea, I have
greatly desired

To walk with them ever further forth in the way of
life,

Without anguish to them, and without sickness,
(*hearken*)

Over the second, the third, ay, the fourth hill, and
beyond!"

*Prayer for long
life with the
Rock*

5

Ancient of Days, hearken, I do beseech thee

Give ear graciously unto my prayer!

Ancient of Days, we do beseech thee, hearken,

Though my speech be feeble and no skill be mine,

Ancient of Days, to the cry of the children, hearken!

*Prayer for the
answer to Prayer*

**AN OFFICE OF PRAYER AND PRAISE FOR
AMERICAN PUBLIC HOLY DAYS**

AN OFFICE OF PRAYER AND PRAISE FOR AMERICAN PUBLIC HOLY DAYS

(N. B. Hymn numbers refer to the Episcopal Hymnal)

(Processional Hymn 194, "God of our Fathers whose Almighty Hand.")

I. THE PRELUDE, *The Old World to the New* (Shelley).

- (a) The Ancient World of Violence.
- (b) The New World.
- (c) The Secret of Political Greatness.

(Hymn 418, "O God, our Help in Ages Past.")

II. OUR HERITAGE

(1) *The Confession of the American*:—

- (a) Columbus and Liberty, Recitative (Lowell).
- (b) The American Doctrine of the Individual,
Recitation in Unison (Emerson).
- (c) Freedom and Knowledge, Recitative (Lowell).

(2) *First Reading, in Praise of George Washington*:—

- (a) Jefferson's Tribute.
- (b) Lowell's Tribute.

(3) *Congregational Responsive Reading*:—

The Prayer of Columbus (Whitman).

(4) *Second Reading, in Praise of Abraham Lincoln*:—

- (a) Lowell's Tribute.
- (b) Lincoln's Premonitory Dream.
- (c) Apology of London "Punch" (Tom Taylor).

(5) *Voluntary*: O Captain! My Captain! (Whitman).

(6) *Third Reading, in Praise of Our Country*:—

- (a) Vision of our Country as our Mother (Lowell).
- (b) Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood (Whitman).

(7) *Congregational Responsive Reading*:—

Passage to India (Whitman).

(Hymn 196, "America.")

III. ADDRESS ON THE FLAG OF THE REPUBLIC

IV. OFFERTORY: KIPLING'S "RECESSIONAL"

Offering for Red Cross Relief, Poland, Serbia, Belgium.

V. BIDDING PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY

Introductory.

(1) *Invitation*. A Bidding to Prayer (Phillips Brooks).

(2) *A Group of Collects for the People*:—

- (a) Patrick Henry; (b) Declaration of Independence (Jefferson); (c) Samuel Adams; (d) Ordinance Northwest Territory (Jefferson); (e) and (f) The Constitution; (g) Daniel Webster; (h) George Washington.

(3) *A Group of Collects for the Government*:—

- (a) Benjamin Franklin; (b) George Washington; (c), (d) and (e) Abraham Lincoln; (f) James Russell Lowell.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

(Recessional Hymn 195, "O God of our Fathers, bless this our land.")

AN OFFICE OF PRAYER AND PRAISE FOR AMERICAN
PUBLIC HOLY DAYS

COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM THE WORKS OF OUR STATESMEN AND POETS

I. THE PRELUDE
THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW

THE ANCIENT WORLD OF VIOLENCE

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said, Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymândias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

THE NEW WORLD

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Penëus rolls its fountains
Against the morning-star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

[Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears, and symbol flowers.]

O cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
O might it die, or rest at last

THE SECRET OF POLITICAL GREATNESS

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
Verse echoes not one beating of the hearts:
History is but the shadow of their shame;
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers, knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself! in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

II. OUR HERITAGE

THE CONFESSION OF THE AMERICAN

RECITATIVE: COLUMBUS AND LIBERTY

Flawless his heart and tempered to the core
Who, beckoned by the forward-leaning wave,
First left behind him the firm-footed shore,
And, urged by every nerve of sail and oar,
Steered for th' Unknown which gods to mortals gave,—
Of thought and action the mysterious door,
Bugbear of fools, a summons to the brave:
Strength found he in th' unsympathizing sun,
And strange stars from beneath th' horizon won,
And the dumb ocean pitilessly grave:
High-hearted surely he;
But bolder they who first off-cast
Their moorings from the habitable Past,
And ventured chartless on the sea
Of storm-engendering Liberty:
For all earth's width of waters is a span,
And their convulsed existence mere repose,
Matched with th' unstable heart of man,
Shoreless in wants, mist-girt in all it knows,
Open to every wind of sect or clan,
And sudden-passionate in ebbs and flows.

THE AMERICAN DOCTRINE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

(To be said in unison)

“The Father hath given the Son to have LIFE in HIMSELF”

Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause.
Henceforth I obey no law less than the eternal Law.
I must be my self.
It is alike your interest and mine and all men's,
however long we have dwelt in lies,
to live in truth.
No man can be happy and strong
until he too lives with Nature
in the present, above time.
When a man lives with God, his voice shall be
as sweet as the murmur of the brook
and the rustle of the corn.

The soul raised over passion, beholds identity and eternal causation,
perceives the self-existence of truth and right,
and calms itself with knowing that all things go well.



Wherever a *man* comes—there comes revolution.
The old is for slaves.
Let me admonish you first of all, go alone;
To refuse the good models, (even those which are sacred in the
imagination of men),
And dare to love God without mediator or veil.

We have been born out of the eternal silence,
And now will we live; live for our selves;
And not as the pallbearers of a funeral,
But as the upholders and creators of our age.

Now that we are here—we will put our own interpretation
on things,
And own things for interpretation.
Please himself with complaisance who will,
For me things must take my scale, not I theirs.



FREEDOM AND KNOWLEDGE, RECITATIVE

"I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge: I abide
With men whom dust of faction cannot blind
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind;
With men by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey.
Conscience my sceptre is, and law my sword;
Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter;
Implacable as God's word,
Like it, a shepherd's crook to them that blindly err.
Your firm-pulsed sires, my martyrs and my saints,
Offshoots of that one stock whose patient sense
Hath known to mingle flux with permanence,
Rated my chaste denials and restraints

Above the moment's dear-paid paradise:
Beware lest, shifting with Time's gradual creep,
The light that guided shine into your eyes.
The envious Powers of ill nor wink nor sleep:
Be therefore timely wise,
Nor laugh when this one steals, and that one lies,
As if your luck could cheat those sleepless spies,
Till the deaf Fury comes your house to sweep!"

FIRST READING, IN PRAISE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

JEFFERSON'S TRIBUTE

His mind was great and powerful without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgement was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal danger with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible, I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honourable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in his

affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a Government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes you no other example. . . .

He has often declared to me that he considered our new Constitution as an experiment on the practicability of republican government, and with what dose of liberty man could be trusted for his own good; that he was determined the experiment should have a fair trial, and would lose the last drop of blood in support of it. . . . I do believe that General Washington had not a firm confidence in the duration of our Government. . . . I felt on his death, with my countrymen, that "Verily a great man hath fallen this day in Israel."

LOWELL'S TRIBUTE

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison :
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born ;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content ;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self ; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed ;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear ;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will ;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood ;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—WASHINGTON.

.....



Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
The common faith that made us what we are.

CONGREGATIONAL RESPONSIVE READING

THE PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

A batter'd wreck'd old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh to death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day;
I cannot rest O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

Thou knowest my years entire, my life,
My long and crowded life of active work, not adoration merely;
Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth,
Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations,
Thou knowest how, before I commenced, I devoted all to come
to Thee,
Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those vows and strictly
kept them,
Thou knowest, I have not once lost—nor faith nor ecstasy in Thee,
In shackles, prison'd, in disgrace, repining not,
Accepting all from Thee, as duly come from Thee.

All my emprises have been fill'd with Thee,
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in thoughts of Thee,
Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee;
Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving results to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee,
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt interior command, stronger than words,
A message from the Heavens whispering to me even in sleep,
These sped me on.

By me and these the work so far accomplish'd,
By me earth's elder cloy'd and stifled lands uncloy'd, unloos'd,
By me the hemispheres rounded and tied, the unknown to
the known.

The end I know not, it is all in Thee,
Or small or great I know not—haply what broad fields, what lands,
Haply the brutish measureless human undergrowth I know,
Transplanted there—may rise to stature, knowledge worthy Thee,
Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turn'd to reaping tools,
Haply the lifeless cross I know, Europe's dead cross, may bud
and blossom there.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
That Thou O God my life hast lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;
For that O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,
Thee, Thee at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
What do I know of life? What of myself?
I know not even my own work past or present,
Dim ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer better worlds, their mighty parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my eyes,
Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

SECOND READING, IN PRAISE OF LINCOLN

LOWELL'S TRIBUTE

"For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American."

LINCOLN'S PREMONITORY DREAM.

"About ten days ago, I retired very late. I had been up waiting for important despatches from the front. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber, for I was weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. It was light in all the rooms, every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this? Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the east room, which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was his answer; 'he was killed by an assassin!' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night, and, although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

APOLOGY OF LONDON "PUNCH"

"*You* lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent sneer,
His length of shambling limbs, his furrowed face,

"His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, or art to please;

"*You*, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

"Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?"

VOLUNTARY

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

THIRD READING, IN PRAISE OF OUR COUNTRY

VISION OF OUR COUNTRY AS OUR MOTHER

How many subtlest influences unite,
With spiritual touch of joy or pain,
Invisible as air and soft as light,
To body forth that image of the brain
We call our Country; visionary shape,
Loved more than woman, fuller of fire than wine,
Whose charm can none define,
Nor any, though he flee it, can escape!
All party-colored threads the weaver Time
Sets in his web, now trivial, now sublime,
All memories, all forebodings, hopes and fears,
Mountain and river, forest, prairie, sea,
A hill, a rock, a homestead, field or tree,
The casual gleanings of unreckoned years,
Take goddess-shape at last and there is She,
Old at our birth, new as the springing hours,
Shrine of our weakness, fortress of our powers,
Consoler, kindler, peerless 'mid her peers,
A force that 'neath our conscious being stirs,
A life to give ours permanence, when we
Are borne to mingle our poor earth with hers,
And all this glowing world goes with us on our biers.

Entranced I saw a vision in the cloud
That loitered dreaming in yon sunset sky,
Full of fair shapes, half creatures of the eye,
Half chance-evoked by the wind's fantasy
In golden mist, an ever-shifting crowd:
There, 'mid unreal forms that came and went

In air-spun robes, of evanescent dye,
A woman's semblance shone pre-eminent; . . .
The fearless, the benign, the mother-eyed,
The fairer world's toil-consecrated Queen.

What shape by exile dreamed elates the mind
Like hers whose hand, a fortress of the poor,
No blood in vengeance spilt, though lawful, stains?
Who never turned a suppliant from her door?
Whose conquests are the gains of all mankind?
Today her thanks shall fly on every wind,
Unstinted, unrebuked, from shore to shore,
One love, one hope, and not a doubt behind!
Cannon to cannon shall repeat her praise,
Banner to banner flap it forth in flame;
Her children shall rise up to bless her name,
And wish her harmless length of days,
The Mighty Mother of a mighty brood,
Blessed in all tongues and dear to every blood,
The beautiful, the strong, and, best of all, the good!

THOU MOTHER WITH THY EQUAL BROOD

Thou Mother with thy equal brood
Thou varied chain of different States, yet one identity only,
A special song before I go I'd sing o'er all the rest.
For thee, the future.

.

Belief I sing, and preparation;
As Life and Nature are not great with reference to the present only,
But greater still from what is yet to come,
Out of that formula for thee I sing.

As a strong bird on pinions free,
Joyous, the amplest spaces heavenward cleaving,
Such be the thought I'd think of thee America,
Such be the recitative I'd bring for thee.

The conceits of the poets of other lands I'd bring thee not,
Nor the compliments that have served their turn so long,

Nor rhyme, nor the classics, nor perfume of foreign court or
indoor library;
But an odor I'd bring as from forests of pine in Maine, or breath
of an Illinois prairie,
With open airs of Virginia or Georgia or Tennessee, or from Texas
uplands, or Florida's glades,
Or the Saguenay's black stream, or the wide blue spread of Huron,
With presentment of Yellowstone's scenes, or Yosemite,
And murmuring under, pervading all, I'd bring the rustling
sea-sound,
That endlessly sounds from the two Great Seas of the world.

And for thy subtler sense subtler refrains dread Mother,
Preludes of intellect tallying these and thee, mind-formulas fitted
for thee, real and sane and large as these and thee,
Thou! mounting higher, diving deeper than we knew, thou tran-
scendental Union!
By thee fact to be justified, blended with thought,
Thought of man justified, blended with God,
Through thy idea, lo, the immortal reality!
Through thy reality, lo, the immortal idea!

.

Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,
Of value is thy freight, 'tis not the Present only,
The Past is also stored in thee,
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of the Western
continent alone,
Earth's *résumé* entire floats on thy keel O ship, is steadied by
thy spars,
With thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations sink or
swim with thee,
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou
bear'st the other continents,
Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination-port triumphant;
Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye O helmsman, thou
carriest great companions,
Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee,
And royal feudal Europe sails with thee.

Beautiful world of new superber birth that rises to my eyes,
Like a limitless cloud filling the western sky,
Emblem of general maternity lifted above all,
Sacred shape of the bearer of daughters and sons,
Out of thy teeming womb thy giant babes in ceaseless procession
issuing,
Acceding from such gestation, taking and giving continual
strength and life,
World of the real—world of the twain in one,
World of the soul, born by the world of the real alone, led to
identity, body, by it alone!

.

[Thou wonder world yet undefined, uniform'd, neither do I
define thee.
How can I pierce the impenetrable blank of the future?
I feel thy ominous greatness evil as well as good,
I watch thee advancing, absorbing the present, transcending
the past,
I see thy light lighting, and thy shadow shadowing, as if the
entire globe,
But I do not undertake to define thee, hardly to comprehend thee,
I but thee name, thee prophesy, as now,
I merely thee ejaculate!]

Thee in thy future,
Thee in thy only permanent life, career, thy own unloosen'd mind,
thy soaring spirit,
Thee as another equally needed sun, radiant, ablaze, swift-moving,
fructifying all,
Thee risen in potent cheerfulness and joy, in endless great hilarity,
Scattering for good the cloud that hung so long, that weigh'd so
long upon the mind of man,
The doubt, suspicion, dread, of gradual, certain decadence of man;
Thee in thy larger, saner brood of female, male—thee in thy
athletes, moral, spiritual, South, North, West, East,
(To thy immortal breasts, Mother of All, thy every daughter, son,
endear'd alike, forever equal)
Thee in thy own musicians, singers, artists, unborn yet, but certain,
Thee in thy moral wealth and civilization, (until which thy
proudest material civilization must remain in vain),

Thee in thy all-supplying, all-enclosing worship—thee in no single
bible, saviour, merely
Thy saviours, countless, latent within thyself, thy bibles incessant
within thyself, equal to any, divine as any,

.

Thee in an education grown of thee, in teachers, studies, students
born of thee,
Thee in thy democratic fêtes en masse, thy high original festivals,
operas, lecturers, preachers,
Thee in thy ultimata, (the preparations only now completed, the
edifice on sure foundations tied)
Thee in thy pinnacles, intellect, thought, thy topmost rational joys,
thy love and godlike aspiration
In thy resplendent coming literati, thy full-lung'd orators, thy
sacerdotal bards, cosmic savans,
These! these in thee, (certain to come), today I prophesy!

Land tolerating all, accepting all, not for the good alone, all good
for thee,

Land in the realms of God to be a realm unto thyself,
Under the rule of God to be a rule unto thyself.

(Lo, there arise three peerless stars,
To be thy natal stars, my country, Ensemble, Evolution, Freedom,
Set in the sky of Law.)

Land of unprecedented faith, God's faith,
Thy soil, thy very subsoil, all upheav'd,
The general inner earth so long, so sedulously draped over, now
hence for what it is boldly laid bare,
Open'd by thee to heaven's light for benefit or bale.

Not for success alone,
Not to fair-sail unintermittent always:
The storm shall dash thy face, the murk of war and worse than war
shall cover thee all over,
(Wert capable of war, its tug and trials? be capable of peace,
its trials,
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in prosperous
peace, not war;)
In many a smiling mask death shall approach beguiling thee, thou
in disease shall swelter, . . .

But thou shalt face thy fortunes, thy disease, and surmount
them all,

Whatever they are today and whatever through time they may be,
They each and all shall lift and pass away and cease from thee,
While thou, Time's spirals rounding,—out of thyself, thyself still
extricating, fusing,—

Equable, natural, mystical Union thou, (the mortal with immortal
blent,)

Shalt soar toward the fulfilment of the future, the spirit of the
body and the mind,

The soul, its destinies.

[The soul, its destinies, the real real,

(Purport of all these apparitions of the real;)

In thee America, the soul, its destinies,

Thou globe of globes! thou wonder nebulous!

By many a throe of heat and cold convuls'd (by these thyself
solidifying)

Thou mental, moral orb—thou New, indeed new, Spiritual World!]

The Present holds thee not—for such vast growth as thine,

For such unparallel'd flights as thine, such brood as thine,—

The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold thee.

CONGREGATIONAL RESPONSIVE READING

PASSAGE TO INDIA

O vast Rondure, swimming in space,

Cover'd all over with visible power and beauty,

Alternate light and day and the teeming spiritual darkness,

Unspeakable high processions of sun and moon and countless
stars above,

Below the manifold grass and waters, animals, mountains, trees,

With inscrutable purpose, some hidden prophetic intention,—

Now first, it seems, my thought begins to span thee.

.

Passage indeed O soul to primal thought,

Not lands and seas alone, thy own clear freshness,

The young maturity of brood and bloom,

To realms of budding bibles.

.

O soul, repressless, I with thee and thou with me,
Thy circumnavigation of the world begin,
Of man, the voyage of his mind's return
To reason's early paradise,
Back, back to wisdom's birth, to innocent intuitions,
Again with fair creation.

O we can wait no longer,
We too take ship O soul,
Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,
Fearless for unknown shores on waves of ecstasy to sail,
Amid the wafting winds, (thou pressing me to thee, I thee to me,
O soul)
Caroling free, singing our song of God,
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration.

O soul thou pleasest me, I thee,
Sailing these seas or on the hills, or waking in the night,
Thoughts, silent thoughts, of Time and Space and Death, like
waters flowing,
Bear me indeed as through the regions infinite,
Whose air I breathe, whose ripples hear, lave me all over,
Bathe me O God in thee, mounting to thee,
I and my soul to range in range of thee.

O Thou transcendent, . . .
Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual Me,
And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

Passage to more than India!
O secret of the earth and sky!
Of you O waters of the sea! O winding creeks and rivers!
Of you O woods and fields! of you strong mountains of my land!
Of you O prairies! of you gray rocks!
O morning red! O clouds! O rain and snows!
O day and night, passage to you!

O sun and moon and all you stars! Sirius and Jupiter!
Passage to you!

Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!

Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!

Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail!

Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough? . . .

.

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,

Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,

For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,

And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!

O farther, farther sail!

O daring joy but safe! are they not all the seas of God?

O farther, farther, farther sail!

III. BIDDING PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY

INVITATION TO PRAYER

(Dearly beloved Brethren:)

not by the traditions of its history
nor by the splendor of its corporate achievements
nor by the abstract excellence of its Constitution,
but by its *fitness* to make MEN,
to beget and educate human character,
to contribute to the complete humanity
the *perfect MAN* that is to be,
by this alone each nation must be judged today!

The nations are the golden candlesticks
which hold aloft the glory of the Lord.
No candlestick can be so rich or venerable
that men shall honor it, if it hold no candle:
"Show us your *man*," land crieth to land. . . .

(Wherefore I do) ask for your prayers on behalf (of our country
and nation):

that on the manifold and wondrous chance which God is
giving her;

on her (blessèd achieved) freedom;

on her unconstrained religious life;

on her passion for education;

and her eager search for truth;

on her zealous care for the poor man's rights and opportunities;

on her quiet homes where the future generations of men are
growing;

on her manufactories and her commerce;

on her wide gates open to the east and to the west;

on her strange meeting of the races

out of which a *new race is slowly being formed*;

on her vast enterprise and her illimitable hopefulness;

on all these materials and machineries of manhood;

on all that the life of our country must mean for humanity,

I (do) ask you here to pray, (with passionate patriotic instance
and fervor)

that the blessing of God, the Father of man,

and of Christ, the Son of man, may rest forever.

A GROUP OF COLLECTS FOR THE PEOPLE

¶ My brethren, let us pray, in the words of Patrick Henry addressed to the Convention of the delegates of Virginia on the eve of our Revolution:—

An appeal to arms, (O God), to (the Lord) of Hosts is all that
is left us.

Many tell us that we are weak,
Unable to cope with so formidable an adversary.
(Assure us that we shall not) gather strength by irresolution
and inaction,
That we shall not acquire the means of effectual resistance
by lying supinely, . . . and hugging the delusive phantom
of hope
until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot.

(We know that Thou art) a just God, who presidest over the
destinies of nations.

The battle is not to the strong alone;
it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave!

If war, (O Lord,) be inevitable, then let it come.
Though there be those among us who cry peace, peace,
when there is no peace,
the war is actually begun;
the next gale will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms.
Our brethren are already in the field,
(do thou, Lord, search us, and ask each and all, wherefore “we
stand here idle.”)

Is life so dear or peace so sweet to us
as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?
Forbid it Almighty God!
We know not what course others may take,
but as for us (who consecrate ourselves here to the great
cause of our country,)
give us liberty or give us death!
(And extend thou the blessings of liberty
and of a God-fearing and self-respecting life
unto all peoples;—
of what name and language soever
to the four corners of the earth!)

Sobeit! AMEN.

COLLECT FOR THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

¶ Let us pray in the words of the noble Declaration of Independence of these United States:—

(O Lord, who didst put into the hearts of our fathers to declare solemnly) :

“that these United Colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent states”—

(grant that for the support of this their declaration,) with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, we may mutually pledge to each other, (year by year and day by day)

our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

Sobeit! AMEN.

COLLECT SHOWING GRATITUDE FOR LIBERTY BY EXTENDING
HOSPITALITY TO THE OPPRESSED

¶ Let us pray, in the words of Samuel Adams during the first month of our independence, for a spirit of true magnanimity to the oppressed of all lands:—

(O Lord) if ever it was granted to mortals to trace the designs of (thy) Providence and interpret its manifestations in the favor of their cause, (Thou hast granted this boon unto us) ; wherefore may we with humility of soul cry out (as we ponder our national progress) “Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy Name be the praise.”

For that Thou hast been so gracious unto us, make Thou us to be generous unto others (in a like or worse case than was ours in the beginning). If driven from every other corner of the earth, let freedom of thought and the right to private judgement in the matters of conscience direct their course to this happy country as their last asylum, and (cause us to) cherish our noble guests, ay, and to shelter them under the wings of universal toleration. Be this (our land) the seat of unbounded religious freedom. Let us ever be full of gratitude to heaven for past success, and of confidence in Thee for the future.

Sobeit! AMEN.

COLLECT FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

¶ Let us pray, in the words of the great patriotic Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the newly organizing Northwest Territory:—

(O Lord who hast taught us that)
religion, morality and knowledge
are necessary to good government
and to the happiness of mankind,
(see Thou that we do nowise through selfishness or political
faction
fail) to encourage forever
all schools and means of education
(for the simple and the poor among Thy children,
yea, and for those also who have come ignorant to the hospitable
shores
of this Thy so great a country and people.)
Sobeit! AMEN.

COLLECT FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF OUR INSTITUTIONS

¶ Let us pray, in the words of the Constitution of the United States, for the preservation of order and liberty:—

(O Lord, may the people of these United States
never forget how their fathers in the day of grievous trial)
in order to form a more perfect union (among themselves),
to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity,
(did set forth the Constitution of the United States.)
(May they in loyalty thereto and worthy obedience)
see to it that it shall provide for the common defence,
and promote the general welfare (of the people)
and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our
posterity forever.
Sobeit! AMEN.

COLLECT FOR TRUE SPIRITUAL LIBERTY

(O Lord, may the citizens of these United States by perpetual
vigilance preserving the trust of their fathers)
see to it that their representatives in Congress
shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion

or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;
or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press,
or the right of the people peaceably to assemble
(to consider their grievances and present their petitions to
public authority).

Sobeit! AMEN.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE CONTINUANCE OF OUR LIBERTIES

¶ Let us give thanks to Almighty God, in the words of Daniel Webster:—

Grant O Lord that every man's heart may swell within him,
every man's thought and bearing become more lofty,
as he remembers that for (twice threescore years and ten,
twice the allotted age of a man blessed with long life,)
have rolled away,
and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his—
his, undiminished and unimpaired,
his, in all its original glory,
his, to enjoy; his to protect;
his, to transmit to future generations.
Sobeit! AMEN.

COLLECT FOR THE PEOPLE OF THIS NATION

¶ Let us repeat reverently together the prayer of the Father of our Country:—

(O God), I now make it my earnest prayer that (Thou wouldest)
keep the United States
in Thy holy protection; that Thou wouldest incline the hearts of
the citizens
to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to
Government,
to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another,
for their fellow citizens of the United States at large,
and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field.

And finally that Thou wouldest most graciously be pleased to
dispose us all
to do justice, to love mercy and to demean ourselves with that
charity,
humanity and pacific temper of mind,
which were the characterization of the divine Author of our
blessed religion,

and without an humble imitation of Whose example in these
things
we can never hope to be a happy Nation.
Sobeit! AMEN.

A GROUP OF COLLECTS FOR THE GOVERNMENT

¶ Let us pray, my Brethren, for the spirit of prayer, on behalf
the chief magistrate of the Republic, the first servant of the people,
and of the representatives of the States and of the People in
Congress assembled, in the reverent words of Benjamin Franklin:—

(Thou hast granted us O God in the history of our democracy) a
melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding.

We are groping, as it were, in the dark to find political truth,
and we are scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us.
How hath it happened that we have not (hitherto, day by day,
humbly applied to Thee O father of lights) to illuminate our
understandings?

Thy servant hath lived a long time, and the longer he liveth
the more convincing proofs he seeth of this truth
that Thou, God, governest in the affairs of men.

If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without thy notice
shall an empire rise without thine aid?

Thou has assured us in thy holy Scriptures
that "except the Lord build the house they labor but in vain
that build it."

This doth thy servant firmly believe, yea and he doth also believe
steadfastly

that without thy concurring aid we shall succeed in the
political building

(thou hast given our hands to do) no better than the builder
of the Babel of old!

(O Lord, convince Thou us each and all)

that we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests,
that our (noblest) projects will be confounded, and that
we shall

become the reproach and the byword down to future ages
(without thine efficient help!)

(Yea, Lord,) and what is worse, mankind may hereafter
from this instance (of our failure)

(if we call not upon thee mightily for wisdom and guidance)
despair of establishing (upon earth)
governments by human wisdom;

and (shall be tempted to) leave (their affairs and sacred interests)
to chance, to war, and conquest. (This do thou forbend,
O Lord of hosts)
Sobeit! AMEN.

COLLECT TO OBSERVE NATIONAL GOOD FAITH OR HONOR

¶ Let us pray, my brethren, once more in the words of the
Father of our Country, (that great and good man sent us for an
ensample of life and a national glory forever), for the preservation
of the national integrity:—

Let us observe O Lord in all our public acts
good faith and justice towards all nations.
Let us cultivate peace and harmony (with all mankind).
(When thy people are tempted to follow the evil customs of
past time
encourage them, fill thou them with faith in thy holy word.
Make us to know how worthy it shall be) of a free enlightened
and great nation
to give mankind the magnanimous and, alas, too novel example
of a people always guided by justice and benevolence.
Can it be, O Lord, that thy good providence
hath not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with
its virtue?
(The glorious) experiment at least is recommended
by every sentiment which ennobles human nature.
Shall we despair of Thy goodness and almighty power and deem
(a consummation so devoutly to be wished)
rendered impossible by our vices?
(Nay, Lord, be it *not* so in the case of this thy people!)

COLLECT FOR INDEPENDENCE OF THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE

¶ Let us pray in the words of Abraham Lincoln, our Martyr
President, for the first servant of the people and head of the
nation:—

(O Lord of all wisdom and goodness, do thou govern and support
the mind and heart of thy servant of thy people.
Let him try to correct errors) when shown to be errors,
and adopt new views so fast as they shall be made to appear
true views.

(Let him not be tempted beyond the strength of man)
Let him intend not any modifications
of his oft-expressed personal wish,
that all men everywhere shall be free.
Sobeit! AMEN.

COLLECT TO HOLD OUR HIGH RESOLVE IN HONOR OF THE DEAD

¶ Let us pray, O my brethren, in the great speech of Abraham Lincoln, the son of the plain folk, the pilot of our ship of state in troublous days, that we may be worthy of past sacrifices:—

O Lord, may we take from these honored dead
increased devotion to that cause
for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;
and may we here highly resolve
that these (blessed) dead (and countless others since fallen)
shall not have died in vain;
that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom,
and that government of the people
by the people and for the people
shall not perish from the earth!
Sobeit! AMEN.

COLLECT FOR THE TEMPER OF THE PEACEMAKER IN OUR CHIEF
MAGISTRATE AND IN THE PEOPLE

¶ Let us pray once again, following the beautiful holy phrases of Lincoln, for the spirit of Christ:—

(Grant thou, O Lord, who overrulest the hearts of us all
in thine own mysterious way)
that we and all the people may live and work
with malice towards none, with charity for all;
with firmness in the right
as (Thou dost) give us to see the right;
let us finish the work we are in. . . .
and do all which may achieve and cherish
a just and a lasting peace among ourselves
and among all nations!
Sobeit! AMEN.

ORISON

¶ Finally, let us pray in the restrain'd words of the poet, Lowell:—

God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
Art, and shalt be when those eye-wise, who flout
Thy secret presence, shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt, . . .
We,—sprung from loins of stalwart men
Whose strength was in their trust
That Thou wouldst make thy dwelling in their dust,
And walk with *those*, a fellow-citizen,
Who build a city of the just,—
We,—who believe Life's bases rest
Beyond the probe of chemic test,—
STILL, LIKE OUR FATHERS, FEEL THEE NEAR,
Sure that, while lasts the immutable decree,
The land to Human Nature dear
Shall not be unbeloved of Thee.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SUN WORSHIP

PARAPHRASE OF THE HYMN TO ATON BY IKHNATON, AMENHOTEP IV.

PRELUDE: INVOCATION TO ATON

[Hail to thee Beautiful God of every day!] (l. 1)
Beautiful is thine arising in the horizon of the sky,
Beautiful is thine arising O living Aton,
Orb of Light, O first beginning of life!
When thou arisest in the eastern horizon,
Thou fillest every land with thy beauty.
Thou art beautiful to behold, great, glistering high above
the whole earth.
Thy rays do enfold the lands, even all that thou hast made.
(Thy Love is great and mighty,
Thy rays do beam into every uplifted countenance,) (ll. 3-4)
Thou art Ra, (the Sun God,) and thou carriest all away captive;
Thou bindest them fast with thy love.
(O God, who thyself didest fashion thyself) (l. 7)
[None is like unto thee in aught, journeying through eternity]. (l. 9)
Though thou be afar off, yet thy rays do reach down unto
the earth;
The whilst thou dwellest on high, in thy footsteps followeth
the day.

ODE I.

I.—NIGHT AND MAN

When thou dost set in the western horizon of the sky,
The earth lieth in darkness like unto the dead;
Where they do sleep in their secret chambers,
Their heads are wrapped about,
Their nostrils are stopped,
None of them beholdeth his fellow beside him;
Yea, and of all their worldly goods shall the thief reave them
Although resting under their very heads,
And naught shall they wot thereof.
Lo, every lion cometh forth from his lair
Deadly serpents of every kind do sting.
Thick darkness is more and more.

The world hath been swallowed up of silence,
 For he that made them is at rest in his horizon!
 [Nevertheless when thy setting cometh to pass
 The hours of the night give heed unto thee] (ll. 20-21)
 [Nor may there be an ending unto thy labors,] (l. 23)
 [O thou unwearied in labor forever!] (l. 3)

II.—DAY AND MAN

Bright waxeth the earth when thou liftest up thine head
 at the horizon.
 When thou dost shine as Aton, lo, it is full day,
 For thou drivest forth the gloom of night.
 When thou shootest afar thy rays,
 Day by day, the two Lands, even Egypt, doth keep holiday
 And men awake, and stand upon their feet
 When thou dost raise them up;
 They wash them clean, they put on gay apparel,
 They uplift their hands, and worship, at thine arising.
 (Thou makest all hearts to live by thy beauty) (l. 26)
 (Millions of lives are in thee, that thou mayest make them
 yet to live,
 Yea, it is the breath of life in the nostrils but to behold thy rays.
 All flowers do spring, and what is quickened in the soil
 It waxeth great, for that thou waxest likewise great
 in the heaven.) (ll. 50-53)
 And gladly in all the world men go about their labors.

III.—LIFE BELOW MAN

All beasts and cattle do lie down, in their pastures,
 The trees and the green herbs do flourish,
 The birds flutter above their nests in the marshes,
 Their wings uplifted in adoration unto thy godhead.
 All the sheep and goats do skip upon their feet,
 The wingèd creatures great and small do fly
 And have their being when thou art risen for them on high.
 The ships speed down, the ships sail up the river.
 Every highway is open because thou art risen.
 The fish in the stream leap up into thy shining,
 And thy beams rest upon the green waters of the great sea.

IV.—DIVINE FATHERHOOD AND MOTHERHOOD

(Thou art the Mother and the Father of all that thou
hast made, (l. 13)

All the creatures are drunken for joy in thy sight.) (l. 54)

Thou art the Creator of the first beginning of life in woman,

Thou art the Maker of the fruitful seed in man,

Thou dost give his soul to the manchild in the body of his mother ;

Soothing him that he may not cry aloud,

Thou art a kindly Nurse, to him, yea, even in the womb.

Thou givest breath to every one that thou hast made,

that he may live.

When he cometh forth into the light on the day of his birth,

Thou openest his mouth that he may utter speech,

And with all things needful then suppliest thou him.

When the young chick chirpeth in the shell yet of the egg,

Thou givest him air for breath therein, to preserve him alive.

When thou hast made all his members perfect

Thou makest him in due time to break the shell that protecteth him,

And lo, he issueth from the egg,

To chirp with all his might that he is made alive and whole,

And upon his two feet he runneth to and fro

So soon as he hath burst forth from the shell !

V.—MAN HIS SON, DOTH WORSHIP HIM

(Men likewise do live indeed when thou sendest forth thy beams

And every land keepeth gladsome holiday.

Singing, music, and shoutings of great joy,

Be in the hall of the Pyramid-temple of the Phoenix

[That springeth again to young life forever in the zenith

From the consumed ashes of his outgrown life]

Unto thine holy house in the Horizon of Aton, the Seat of Truth,

Wherewith thy most holy heart is satisfied,

Plenteous oblations of food are ever offered unto thy Name.

Lo, thy pure son performeth thy pleasing ceremonies before thee,

O living and lifegiving Aton in his festal train ,

All that thou hast made danceth before thee.

Thine august son rejoiceth, his heart is filled to bursting with joy

At sight of thee O living Aton, (ll. 27-39)

Born forever day by day anew in the heaven of thy glory.)

INTERLUDE

PSALM OF THE WHOLE CREATION

How manifold are all thy works!
They were hidden, ere they were, in thee
O only God, whose powers belong unto none other,
That didest fashion the earth according to thy heart's desire,
While thou wast yet alone;
Yea, men and women, all cattle both great and small,
And all things whatsoever upon the earth,
That go from place to place upon their feet;
All things whatsoever in the air above
That fly hither and thither with their wings;
Yea, and the foreign countries afar, Syria and Kush,
And the two lands, even Egypt also
[Thou alone hast made them all.]

ODE II.

I.—GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD

Thou settest every man into his own place,
Thou suppliest unto him all things whereof he hath need.
Thou storest up for him and dost bestow upon him
That which is convenient for him;
And thou it is, that hast numbered his days aforetime.
The tongues of the nations do differ one from the other in speech,
Their tempers diverse likewise, even as their fashion and
outward appearance;
For it is thou makest the strangers in the desert to be
in every way unlike us.

II.—PROVIDENCE

Thou makest Hapi, the Nile, in the Nether World of Tuat,
Thou bringest him forth according to thy good pleasure,
To preserve alive thy people (of good will)
For thou hast surely made them for thine own self;
And thou, that art lord of all, abidest in their midst,
Thou lord of every land, who shinest down upon them,
Aton, the Sun of the broad day, great in glorious majesty
everywhere
In the stranger countries afar off,
It is thou makest their peculiar life;

And thou hast set for them a Nile, even Hapi in the sky,
[Even the milky way dividing the heaven of night];
And when it falleth for them to the earth in rain,
Lo, it rolleth as waves upon the mountains,
As the waves of the great green sea,
[The dark clouds that pile them high at the horizon],
And it watereth their fields, in the villages where they dwell.

How excellent, yea, twice blessed are thy ways, O Lord
of eternity!

Thou art thyself as Hapi, the Nile in the high heavens
for the dwellers afar off,
And for the cattle of every land, that go upon their feet
through thee,

Whereas Hapi, the Nile, lo it springeth up from the Nether
World of Tuat,

For the two lands alone, thy well-loved land of Egypt.

Thy rays give sustenance to thy people, and nourish every garden
for them,

When thou risest, they are quickened to life in thee.

Thou hast ordered from of old the seasons [by the moons] (l. 52)

That so they may bring forth all thy works,

Winter, (at thy good pleasure,) to bless men with coolness (l. 54)

And the summer season, with his fiery heat, (at thy
good pleasure) (l. 53)

That men may taste of thee. •

III.—DISTANCE FOR VISION OF US

Thou didest spread abroad the far-off sky to make therein
thine abode

And look down thence upon all, whatsoever thou hast created
and made—

Thou alone shining in thy form as living and lifegiving Aton,
Dawning, glistening, departing on thy path afar,
And returning ever again.

Thou makest forms innumerable

Through the might of thyself alone;

And in thyself alone have they their being,

Cities, towns, villages, tribes, highways and rivers,

Wherein every eye beholdeth thee nigh, even straight before him,

For thou art Aton the glorious Lord of the day over the whole
broad earth,

Journeying evermore through what hath being in thine eye alone.

IV.—MAN, THE SON OF ATON

Ha, and thou art also in mine inmost heart!
There is none other that knoweth thee [truly]
Save only thy son Ikhnaton, the glory of Aton,
The beauty of the creation of Ra, the only one of Ra!
Thou it is hast made him to be wise,
Enlightened in thy counsels by thy godly might.
(Thou begettest thine august son, Wan Ra, the only one of Ra,—
Like thine own self, ever begotten anew
Son of Ra, wearing his beauty, the beauty of the creation of Ra,
Yea, even me thy son, in whom thou art well pleased,
Who beareth henceforth thy name, the glory of Aton,
And thy mighty strength also doth dwell in mine
inmost heart.) (ll. 40-45)

V.—PEACE IN ATON

The whole world resteth securely in thy hand
Insomuch as thou hast made it to be, and all things therein.
When thou art arisen—they do live,
When thou art set once again—they die;
For thou of thyself art length of life,
And men do live alone through thee,
The whilst their eyes do rest upon thy beauteous splendor,
Even until the time of thy downsetting;
Then do men lay aside all labor of every kind
When thou art gone below the horizon in the west.

POSTLUDE: ENVOI OF THE ROYAL PSALMIST

Thou didst establish the foundations of the world
And didst raise it up for thy son—
Who came forth from thy members—
The king of Upper and Lower Egypt,
Who hath his being in Truth, and is Lord of the Two Lands,
Nefer-kheperu-Ra, Wan-Ra,
Beauty of the Creation of Ra, Only one of Ra,
Very Son of Ra, living in truth, lord of kingly crowns,
Ikhnaton, the glory of Aton, whose length of days is in thee!
And for the chief lady likewise, the royal spouse, his beloved one,
The Mistress of the Two Lands, Nefer-neferu-Aton, Nofretete,
The beauty of the beauties of Aton,
Living and flourishing forever and evermore.

ODE TO THE SETTING SUN

BY FRANCIS THOMPSON

PRELUDE

The wailful sweetness of the violin
 Floats down the hushèd waters of the wind,
The heart-strings of the throbbing harp begin
 To long in aching music. Spirit-pined,
In wafts that poignant sweetness drifts, until
 The wounded soul ooze sadness. The red sun,
A bubble of fire, drops slowly toward the hill,
 While one bird prattles that the day is done.
O setting Sun, that as in reverent days
 Sinkest in music to thy smoothèd sleep,
Discrowned of homage, though yet crowned with rays,
 Hymned not at harvest more, though reapers reap;
For thee this music wakes not. O deceived,
 If thou hear in these thoughtless harmonies
A pious phantom of adorings 'reaved,
 And echo of fair ancient flatteries!
Yet, in this field where the Cross planted reigns,
 I know not what strange passion bows my head
To thee, whose great command upon my veins
 Proves thee a god for me not dead, not dead!
For worship it is too incredulous,
 For doubt—oh, too believing-passionate!
What wild divinity makes my heart thus
 A fount of most baptismal tears?—Thy straight
Long beam lies steady on the Cross. Ah me!
 What secret would thy radiant finger show?
Of thy bright mastership is this the key?
 Is *this* the secret, then? And is it woe?
Fling from thine ear the burning curls, and hark
 A song thou hast not heard in Northern day;
For Rome too daring, and for Greece too dark,
 Sweet with wild wings that pass, that pass away!

ODE I.

The Sun's too gorgeous glory at his setting

Alpha and Omega, sadness and mirth,
 The springing music, and its wasting breath—

The fairest things in life are Death and Birth,
 And of these two the fairer thing is Death.
 Mystical twins of Time inseparable,
 The younger hath the holier array,
 And hath the awfuller sway:
 It is the falling star that trails the light,
 It is the breaking wave that hath the might,
 The passing shower that rainbows maniple.
 Is it not so, O thou down-stricken Day,
 That draw'st thy splendours round thee in thy fall?
 High was thine Eastern pomp inaugural;
 But thou dost set in statelier pageantry,
 Lauded with tumults of a firmament:
 Thy visible music-blasts make deaf the sky,
 Thy cymbals clang to fire the Occident,
 Thou dost thy dying so triumphally:
 I *see* the crimson blarings of thy shawms!
 Why do those lucent palms
 Strew thy feet's failing thicklier than their might,
 Who dost but hood thy glorious eyes with night,
 And vex the heels of all the yesterdays?
 Lo! this loud, lackeying praise
 Will stay behind to greet th' usurping moon,
 When they have cloud-barred over thee the West.
 Oh, shake the bright dust from thy parting shoon!
 The earth not pæans thee, nor serves thy hest,
 Be godded not by Heaven! avert thy face,
 And leave to blank disgrace
 The oblivious world! unsceptre thee of state and place!

II.

The Divinity of the Sun

Yet ere Olympus *thou* wast, and a god!
 Though we deny thy nod,
 We cannot spoil thee of thy divinity.
 What know we elder than thee?
 When thou didst, bursting from the great void's husk,
 Leap like a lion on the throat o' the dusk;
 When the angels, rose-chapleted,
 Sang each to other,

(The vaulted blaze overhead
 Of their vast pinions spread,)
 Hailing *thee* brother;
 How choas rolled back from the wonder,
 And the First Morn knelt down to thy visage of thunder!
 Thou didst draw to thy side
 Thy young Auroral bride,
 And lift her veil of night and mystery;
 Tellus with baby hands
 Shook off her swaddling-bands,
 And from the unswathèd vapours laughed to thee.

III.

The Sun as Creator of the Flowers

Who made the splendid rose
 Saturate with purple glows;
 Cupped to the marge with beauty; a perfume-press
 Whence the wind vintages
 Gushes of warmèd fragrance richer far
 Than all the flavourous ooze of Cyprus' vats?
 Lo, in yon gale which waves her green cymàr,
 With dusky cheeks burnt red
 She sways her heavy head,
 Drunk with the must of her own odorousness;
 While in a moted trouble th' vexed gnats
 Maze, and vibràte, and tease the noontide hush.
 Who girt dissolvèd lightnings in the grape?
 Summered the opal with an irised flush?
 Is it not thou that dost the tulip drape,
 And huest the daffodilly;
 Yet who hast snowed the lily,
 And her frail sister, whom the waters name,
 Dost vestal-vesture 'mid the blaze of June,
 Cold as the new-sprung girlhood of the moon
 Ere Autumn's kiss sultry her cheek with flame?
 Thou sway'st thy sceptred beam
 O'er all delight and dream.
 Beauty is beautiful but in thy glance;
 And like a jocund maid
 In garland-flowers arrayed,
 Before thy ark Earth keeps her sacred dance.

IV.

Lament over the Sun's death deprived of Hellenic myth

And now, O shaken from thine antique throne,
 And sunken from thy cerule empery,
 Now that the red glare of thy fall is blown
 In smoke and flame about the windy sky,—
 Where are the wailing voices that should meet
 From hill, stream, grove, and all of mortal shape
 Who tread thy gifts, in vineyards as stray feet
 Pulp th' globèd weight of juic'd Iberia's grape?
 Where is the threne o' the sea?
 And why not dirges thee
 The wind, that sings to himself as he makes stride
 Lonely and terrible on the Andean height?
 Where is the Naiad 'mid her sworded sedge?
 The Nymph wan-glimmering by her wan fount's verge?
 The Dryad at timid gaze by the wood-side?
 The Oread jutting light
 On one up-strainèd sole from the rock-ledge?
 The Nereid tip-toe on the scud o' the surge,
 With whistling tresses dank athwart her face,
 And all her figure poised in lithe Circéan grace,—
 Why withers their lament?
 Their tresses tear-besprent,
 Have they sighed hence with trailing garment-hem?
 O sweet, O sad, O fair!
 I catch your flying hair,
 Draw your eyes down to me, and dream on them!

V.

The Poet like Orpheus widowed of the ancient myths

A space, and they fleet from me. Must ye fade—
 O old, essential candours, ye who made
 The earth a living and a radiant thing—
 And leave her corpse in our strain'd, cheated arms?
 Lo, even thus, when Song with chorded charms
 Draws from dull death his lost Eurydice,
 Lo ever thus, even at consúmmating,
 Even in the swooning minute that claims her *his*,
 Even as he trembles to the impassioned kiss
 Of reincarnate Beauty, his control
 Clasps the cold body, and foregoes the soul!

Whatso looks lovelily
Is but the rainbow on life's weeping rain.
Why have we longings of immortal pain,
And all we long for—mortal? Woe is me,
And all our chants but chaplet some decay,
As mine this vanishing—nay, vanished Day.

The Poet denies the ungodding of the Sun

The low sky-line dusks to a leaden hue,
No rift disturbs the heavy shade and chill,
Save one, where the charred firmament lets through
The scorching dazzle of Heaven; 'gainst which the hill,
Out-flattened sombrely,
Stands black—as life against eternity.
Against eternity?
A rifting light in me
Burns through the leaden broodings of the mind:
O blessed Sun, thy state
Uprisen or derogate
Dafts me no more with doubt: *I seek and find.*

VI.

The Sun and the Dying God

If with exultant tread
Thou foot the Eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting th' West to angry red,
Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-Maker of Creation,
Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,
Gave thee, angel-god, thy station;
Thou art of Him a type memorial.
Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
Upon thy Western rood;
And His stained brow did veil like thine to-night,
Yet lift once more Its light,
And, risen, again departed from our ball;—
But when It set on earth, arose in Heaven.
Thus hath He unto death His beauty given:
And so of all which form inheriteth,
The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
But death hath in itself the germ of birth.

It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
The falling rain that bears the greenery,
 The fern-plants moulder when the ferns arise.
For there is nothing lives but something dies,
And there is nothing dies but something lives.
 Till skies be fugitives,
Till Time, the hidden root of change, updries,
Are Birth and Death inseparable on earth;
For they are twain yet one, and Death is Birth.

AFTER-STRAIN

Now with wan ray that other sun of Song
 Sets in the bleakening waters of my soul:
One step, and lo! the Cross stands gaunt and long
 'Twixt me and yet bright skies, a presaged dole.
Even so, O Cross! thine is the victory.
 Thy roots are fast within our fairest fields;
Brightness may emanate in Heaven from thee,
 Here thy dread symbol—only shadow yields.
Of reaped joys thou art the heavy sheaf
 Which must be lifted, though the reaper groan;
Yea, we may cry till Heaven's great ear be deaf,
 But we must bear thee, and must bear alone. . . .
'Lo, though suns rise and set, but crosses stay,
 I leave thee ever,' saith she, 'light of cheer.'
'Tis so: yon sky still thinks upon the Day,
 And showers—aërial blossoms on his bier.
Yon cloud with wrinkled fire is edgèd sharp;
 And once more welling through the air, ah me!
How the sweet viol plains him to the harp,
 Whose panged sobbings throng tumultuously. . . .
My soul is quitted of death-neighbouring swoon,
 Who shall not slake her immitigable scars.
Until she hear 'My sister!' from the moon,
 And take the kindred kisses of the stars.

HYMN TO THE ETERNAL LIGHT

BY FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

Bid th' world bathe in Thy life-giving golden stream,—Eternal Light!
Feed at thy festal board our spirit, with grace extreme—Eternal Light!

Flood the whole world, ay, even as the sea wide-sweepeth about the dry land,
O ethereal glory, breaking on far shores agleam, Eternal Light!

Nay, not thee the sun, but Thou 'tis gattest the innumerable host of suns;
Lo, in thy rays, as gnats in th' even-glow they teem, Eternal Light!

Thee the heavens can hold not, so to the earth thou comest gently down
Kindling fires of sweet oblation in every clime I ween, Eternal Light!

Into th' ocean, as on Olympos and Mount Sinai, thou dost drop
Through th' thick dark of th' welkin, quick, thy plummet keen, Eternal Light!

Turning her face from Thee, th' earth rolleth into th' gloom, but Thou
Flowest to greet her out of the gloom in flooding sheen, Eternal Light!

Even by crooked courses folly must in th' end return to thee;
Yet to theeward let me fare by straight paths and foreseen, Eternal Light!

Whither, ah, shall I hide from thee? Shall I mount the steep of heaven
Where by twinkling myriads, yonder, thy stars convene, Eternal Light?

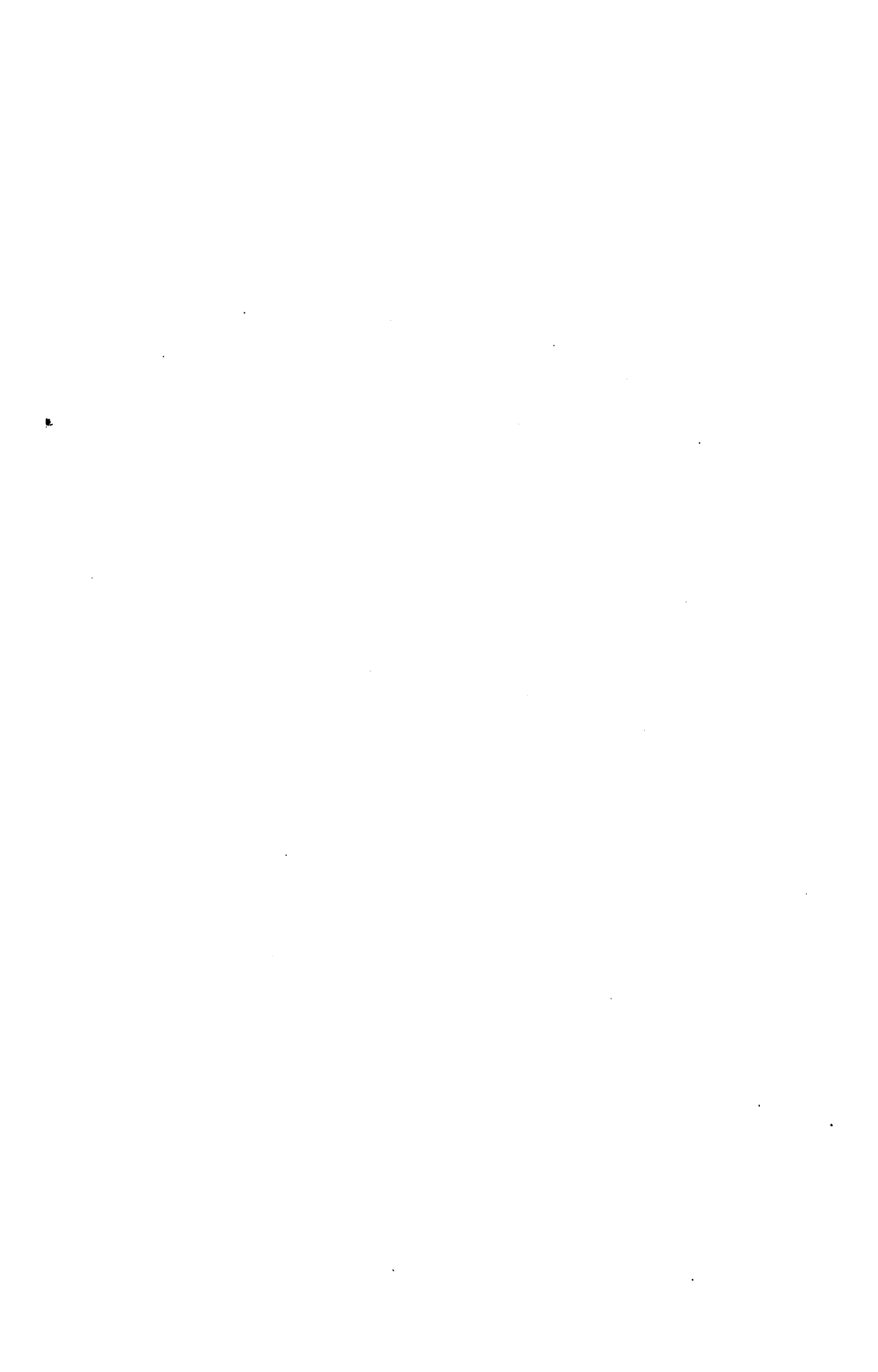
Whither? burrow into the night far down the maw of earth?
Aureate, lo, thou piercest to its choking deep obscene, Eternal Light!

Nowise can my shrinking soul from service unto thee draw back
Since thy golden yoke upon me laid hath been, Eternal Light!

Thou with radiant rays hast strung the lyre of the evening stars!
Thou pitchest th' shrill choir of locusts in the woodland green, Eternal Light!

Yea, in th' tones even of my strain, O insinuant One, abide!
Let thy jewel not suffer for his setting mean, Eternal Light!

Forth, even as thy sunbeams, send the lays of thy worshippèr
Till all mankind they summon to thy great feast serene, Eternal Light!



**ASPIRATION IN THE SYMBOL
OF THE SKYLARK**

THE SKYLARK: A SYMBOL OF ASPIRATION

A DEVOTION SELECTED FROM POETS OF OLD AND NEW ENGLAND

VERSICLES FOR INITIAL MEDITATION

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song. . . .

* * * *

Come, thou sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun. . . .

* * * *

The shrill lark carols from her aerial tower. . . .

* * * *

To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night. . . .

* * * *

The merry lark his matins sings aloft. . . .

* * * *

Hark! Hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings!

* * * *

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

* * * *

A skylark wounded in the wing
A cherubim does cease to sing.

* * * *

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing, . . .
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

DEVOTION OF THE TRANSCENDANT IDEAL

ODE TO A SKYLARK, BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I.

*The
Celestial
Singer*

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert—
That from Heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an *unbodied joy* whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is
overflow'd.

II.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:—

*The Song
Celestial*

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
the view;

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves;

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers—
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

III.

*His
Superhuman
Joy*

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

IV.

*How Might
Man Attain
Thereto*

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou *scorner of the ground*.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

DEVOTION OF THE INCARNATE IDEAL

ODE TO THE LARK ASCENDING, BY GEORGE MEREDITH

I.

*The Rapturous
Miracle of the
Ascending Song
of Earth*

He rises and begins to round,—
He drops the silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,—
All interwoven and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changeingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet,—
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
To Her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs,
Too often dry for *this* he brings,
Which seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, Her music's mirth,
As up he wings the spiral stair,
(A song of light,) and pierces air
With fountain ardour, fountain play,
To reach the shining tops of day,
And drink in everything discerned—
An ecstasy to music turned,
Impelled by what his happy bill
Disperses; drinking, showering still,
Unthinking—save that he may give
His voice the outlet, there to live
Renewed in endless notes of glee,
(So thirsty of his voice is he,)
For all to hear and all to know
That He is joy, awake, aglow;
The tumult of the heart to hear
Through pureness filtered crystal-clear,—
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
By simple Singing of delight,

Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
 Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
 Without a break, without a fall,
 Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
 Perennial, quavering up the chord
 (Like myriad dews of sunny sward
 That trembling into fulness shine,
 And sparkle dropping argentine;)
 Such wooing as the ear receives
 From zephyr caught in choric leaves
 Of aspens when their chattering net
 Is flushed to white with shivers wet;
 And such—the water-spirit's chime
 On mountain heights in morning's prime,
 Too freshly sweet to seem excess,
 Too animate to need a stress;
 But wider over many heads
 The starry Voice ascending spreads;
 Awakening (as it waxes thin,)
 The Best in us to Him akin;
 And every face to watch him raised,
 Puts on the light of children praised,—
 So rich our human pleasure ripes
 When sweetness on sincerity pipes,—
 Though nought be promised from the seas,
 But only a soft ruffling breeze
 Sweep glittering on a still content,
 Serenity in ravishment.

II.

For singing till his heaven fills,
 'Tis *love of earth* that he instils,
 And ever winging up and up,
 Our valley is his golden cup,
 And he the wine which overflows
 To lift us with him as he goes:
 The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine,
 He is, the hills, the human line,
 The meadows green, the fallows brown,
 The dreams of labour in the town;
 He sings the sap, the quickened veins;

*Uncovetous
 Love of Earth
 the Fount
 Thereof*

The wedding song of sun and rains
 He is, the dance of children, thanks
 Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,
 And eye of violets while they breathe;
 All these the circling song will wreath,
 And you shall hear the herb and tree,
 The better heart of men shall see,
 Shall feel celestially,—as long
 As you *crave nothing* save the song.

III.

*Its Selfless
 and hence
 All-inclusive
 Character*

Was never voice of ours could say
 Our inmost in the sweetest way,
 Like yonder voice aloft, and link
 All hearers in the song they drink.
 Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
 Our passion is too full in flood,
 We want the key of his wild note
 Of truthful in a tuneful throat;
 The song seraphically free
 Of *taint of personality*,
 So pure that it salutes the suns
 The *voice of one for millions*,
 In whom the millions rejoice
 For giving their one spirit voice.

IV.

*The Sons of
 Earth Who
 Enflesh that
 Spirit*

Yet men have we, whom we revere,
 Now names, and men still housing here,
 Whose lives, by many a battle-dint
 Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
 Yield substance, though they sing not, *sweet*
 For song our highest heaven to greet:
 Whom heavenly singing gives us new,
 Enspheres them brilliant in our blue,
 From firmest base to farthest leap
 Because *their* love of Earth is deep,
 And they are warriors in accord
 With life—to serve, and pass reward,
 So touching purest, and so heard
 In the brain's reflex of yon bird:

V.

Wherefore, their soul in me, (or mine,
Through *self-forgetfulness* divine,
In them) that song aloft maintains,—
To fill the sky and thrill the plains
With showerings drawn from human stores,
As he to silence nearer soars,
Extends the world at wings and dome,
More spacious, making more our home,—
Till lost on his aerial rings
In light, and then—the fancy sings.

*Self-identification
with their
Spirit*

DEVOTION OF TWO MERGEING WORLDS

ODE TO THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING, BY WILLIAM WATSON

*Two Worlds,
and One Only*

*Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—
The virginal, untroubled sky,
And this vext region at my feet,—
Alas, but one have I!*

To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade, of mundane care.
They amid mortal mists are made,—
Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears;
My song comes fluttering, and is gone.
O high above the home of tears,
Eternal Joy, sing on!

* * * * *

*Man's
Pristine
Experience*

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,
In porches of the lucent morn,
Ere he had felt his lack of wing,
Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,
The sweet sky seemed not far above,
And young and lovesome came the note;—
Ah, thine is Youth and Love!

Thou sing'st of what he knew of old,
And dreamlike from afar recalls;
In flashes of forgotten gold
An orient glory falls.

*Retrospect and
Prospect*

And as he listens, one by one
Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh;
Less inaccessible the sun,
Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,
And of the courts of heaven art free,
And carriest to his temporal ears
News from eternity;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,
And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line,
There *mortal and immortal merge*,
And human dies divine.

CONCLUDING MEDITATION

I.

SKYBORN MUSIC, BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a *sky-born* music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in *the darkest, meanest things*
There alway, alway Something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway Something sings.

II.

SONG IN THE SONGLESS, BY GEORGE MEREDITH

They have no song, the sedges dry,
And still they sing.
It is within my breast they sing,
As I pass by.

Within my breast they touch a string,
They wake a sigh.
There is but sound of sedges dry;
In me they sing.

CONDITIONS OF SPIRITUAL FELICITY

BUDDHIST CANONICAL BEATITUDES

I.

FOUR BEATITUDES

FROM THE MAHAVAGGA

Now when the seven days were ended, it came to pass that the Blessed One did arise from exalted meditation, and departed from the foot of the Ajapala or goatherd's fig tree, drawing nigh unto the tree of Muchalinda. So when he had come to where it stood, he disposed his feet crosswise, and sat him down at the foot of the tree for the space of seven days and seven nights, and did taste unceasingly the calm large freedom of the spirit.

Whereupon, there arose from the edge of the sky a great cloud, bringing with it out of season the rain, which did cease not for seven days and seven nights: even cold, and stormy blast, and thick darkness. But Muchalinda, the king of the Naga, which is, being interpreted, the snakefolk, came forth meanwhile from his abiding place, and wound seven times, unperceived of any, about the person of the Blessed One, the folds of his lissome body, and spread abroad on high his cobra hood above the head of the Blessed One, praying within himself all the while most fervently:

"May the cold of the night touch the Blessed One nowise!

May the heat of the noonday touch the Blessed One nowise!

May no gadflies or gnats vex at all his peace!

No blast of storm, and no dizzy heat of the sun!

May no venomous serpent come nigh to assail the Blessed One!"

So when the seven days again were ended, the king of the snakefolk, Muchalinda, did lift up his eyes: and behold, the open heaven, without so much as a whisp of cloud therein. Wherefore he did unwind his loosened lissome folds, and uncover once more the shining person of the Blessed One. And causing then his own natural semblance to vanish away, he did appear in outer fashion as a youth, which stood before the face of the Blessed One, reverently, lifting up clasped hands, and worshipping the worshipful.

Then did the Blessed One look upon him, and open, even at this time graciously his mouth to speak in solemn benediction:—

1

"Ever blessed is the loneliness
Of him, who full of joy,
Hath knowledge of the truth—
For that his eyes do see;

2

Yea, blessed in this world,
Who, free of every unkindliness,
Constraineth still himself from harm
Of all that draweth breath;

3

And blessed in this world—he,
Who fleeth before eager lust,
And leaveth far behind him so
Life's disquieting desire;

4

Yet verily, more blessed far,
Who hath put away from him forever
The idle pride of the vain thought:—
"Lo, I myself am I!"

[Here endeth the most gracious blessing of the Blessed One.]

II.

TEN BEATITUDES AND A SUMMARY

FROM THE MAHAMANGALA-SUTTA

About this time at Savatthi, in Jeta, the conqueror's wood, dwelt the Blessed One. And, lo, when the night was far spent, a heavenly apparition, most beautiful to behold, shedding radiant light on the whole of Jeta's, that is, the conqueror's wood, drew nigh unto the Blessed One, and made low obeisance before him; and after his salutation, he stood still apart from him. And within a little space the heavenly being opened his mouth and spake unto the Blessed One in a measure of melody:—

"Yea, many Gods, O Lord, and holy men of old
Have set forth paths of pleasantness,—
In exceeding desire for peace of the soul and wisdom;
Reveal then also thou, what is blessed above all, O Lord!"

And the Enlightened One made answer in the precious words of his compassion, which fell from his lips harmoniously:—

(The Wisdom of the Lay Brother)

1

Eschew thou still the converse of the foolish,
Ensue thou the rather the company of the truly wise in heart,
Worship thou them that be worthiest of worship,
For this is the most high blessing!

2

Dwell in the land, as in seemliness behooveth thee,
Garner good fruit of deeds thou hast sown in bygone lives,
Get thee, in the governing of thine own being and nature, skill:—
For this is the most high blessing!

3

High knowledge of high things, and deep understanding,
Discipline well-proved, unto doing the truth in wisdom,
And prudently chosen words for the same, and winsome:
Yea, this is the most high blessing!

4

Honor and serve thou thy mother and also thy father,
Cherish the child of thy bosom, and the wife of thy youth,
Follow thou soberly a quiet and honorable calling:
For this is the most high blessing!

5

Bestow of thy goods with compassion, live austere in righteous-
Comfort and foster thy kindred after the flesh, ness,
Do little deeds daily, of innocency and kindness:
For this is the most high blessing!

(The Wisdom of the Religious Ascetic)

6

Yea, abhor and utterly cease from every sin,
Nor taste thou aught that assaileth thy mind and heart,
But fare unwearying in the law of holiness onward:
For this is the most high blessing!

7

Lowly in thine own eyes order thyself, and reverent,
 Content with whatso is thine, and grateful therefor,
 Harken in due season and ponder well the words of the holy law—
 For this is the most high blessing!

8

Long suffering and meekness, right words graciously spoken,
 Holding calm fellowship ever with holy men of God,
 Communing, in due season, about the things of the spirit:
 Yea, this is the most high blessing!

9

Do humble penance, pure in body and soul,
 Win the knowledge, that exalteth, of the most exalted truth,
 Attain, ay, in this life, to the calm large freedom of the spirit:—
 For this is the most high blessing!

10

Howsoever assailed by the things of this world, have the steadfast
 Which continueth evermore free from care and sorrow, mind,
 From sinful taint, or anxious thought for the things of the
 Yea, this is the most high blessing! morrow;

(Summary of the Two Wisdoms)

11

All they that have guided so their behavior aright,
 Nor of evil overcome, bear away the victory over this world,
 And whither they will walk abroad secure in holiness;—
 Theirs verily is the most high blessing!

[Here endeth the wisdom of the Enlightened One, concerning
 the paths of pleasantness.]

III.

NINE BEATITUDES

FROM THE DHAMMAPADA AND KINDRED HYMNS

1

Most blessèd do we here abide,
Amid the wrathful, far remote from wrath;
Among the men of wrath which sorely hate us,
Lo, how from hatred free we dwell!

2

Most blessèd do we here abide,
Amid the sick in soul and body, whole;
Among men stricken grievously,
Lo, how untouched of any ill we dwell!

3

Most blessèd make we our abode
Amid th' desirous, void of all desire;
Among the covetous and fierce of greed,
Austere, we lead in desireless calm our life!

4

Most blessèd verily do we live our life
Though nothing here we call our own;
Filled full, ay, drunken deep with holy joy,—
Behold we shine like angels of the light!

5

[Yea, wondrous blessèd is the bliss of heaven
Promised us of our perfect Lord of light;
No grief, no passion that haven sure may ruffle,
Where pain shall sink and sin forevermore!]

6

But every victory begetteth hate,
For he thou overcomest is not blessèd;
Who victory and defeat alike forgoeth,
Content and glad at heart, alone is blessèd!

7

No fire doth burn like passions' bitter fire;
 No losing throw men know, or thrust, like hate's;
 No fatal pang like to this body of death;
 No blessedness higher than serene repose!

8

The deadliest sickness is our natural greed,
 The damning evil—the elements of this flesh;
 This thoroughly know, lo, heaven to earth come down,
 Thy exceeding great reward of blessedness.

9

[These compact powers of life be transitory,
 Waxing in course, to wane of their own selves;
 Like aught that wrought hath been, they are undone:
 Oh, blessed undoing, thus brought at length to nought!]

IV.

THE TWO SCORE AND ONE CONDITIONS OF BLESSEDNESS FOR THE SACRED ORDER

FROM THE MAHA-PARINIBBANA-SUTTA, OR THE BOOK
 OF THE GREAT DECEASE

Now soon after he had gone, the Blessed One addressed the venerable Ananda, and said: "Go forth now, Ananda, and gather together in the Assembly Hall such of the Brethren as dwell nigh to Rajagaha," which is, being interpreted, the palace of the king.

And he did even so, and returned to the Blessed One, and made their assembly known to him, saying:

The company of the Brethren, O my Lord, is gathered together; let the Blessed One do as seemeth most fitting to him.

And the Blessed One arose, and went to the Assembly Hall, and when he had sat him down, he opened his mouth and spake unto the Brethren, saying:—

I. I will teach you, O my Brethren, *seven* conditions of welfare for a holy Brotherhood. Hearken ye, and attend the while I speak.

'Even so, Lord,' made answer of one accord the Brethren to the Blessed One; and he spake the blessed words which do follow:—

(Community Social Rules)

(1) So long, O Brethren, as the Brethren gather them together in full and frequent assemblies;

(2) So long as they gather them together of one accord, and rise of one accord, and perform all the duties of the Brotherhood in perfect accord one with another;—

(3) So long as the Brethren shall set forth nothing that hath not been prescribed aforetime, and set at nought no thing which hath been aforetime established, and dwell agreeably to the statutes and the testimonies of the Brotherhood, as now laid down;—

(4) So long as the Brethren honor and highly esteem and give reverence and maintenance unto the elder Brethren of tried experience and long continuance, the fathers and masters of the Brotherhood, and do dutifully hearken unto their godly admonition;—

(5) So long as the Brethren fall not a prey unto that craving, which springing up within them and ravening, would give occasion to more lives, world without end;—

(6) So long as the Brethren take their delight in living much alone;—

(7) So long as the Brethren do so train their minds that good and holy men shall have resort unto them, and those who come shall dwell at ease;—

So long may the holy Brotherhood hope not to decline, but to wax the rather in goodly prosperity,

so long as these seven conditions shall obtain continually
among the assembly of the Brethren,

so long as they are duly exercised in these conditions,

So long may the Brethren hope that their sacred Order decline not, but their welfare endure forever.

II. In other *seven* conditions of welfare will I instruct you, O my Brethren. Harken ye, and attend the while I speak.

And upon their agreeing expressly thereto, he spake the blessed words which do follow:—

(Community Individual Rules)

(1) So long as the Brethren shall not occupy any gainful business, neither attach themselves therewith, nor be leastwise drawn at all thereto;—

(2) So long as the Brethren shall not make foolish talk their use and wont, neither be themselves attached thereto, nor be partakers therein;—

(3) So long as the Brethren shall not yield to slothful ease, neither be attached thereto, nor ensue the same;—

(4) So long as the Brethren shall not frequent the idle and vain and wilful ways of the world, nor be attached to them, nor yield to contentment therein;—

(5) So long as the Brethren shall not incline to sinful lusts, neither entertain their quest, nor consider leastwise the lures thereof;—

(6) So long as the Brethren shall not become the friends of sinners, neither their companions, nor the wellwishers of their fellowship;—

(7) So long as the Brethren shall neither tarry nor halt on their way to Nirvana—which is heaven, even the calm large freedom of the spirit—for that they have attained unto any excellent thing of lesser worth;—

So long may the holy Brotherhood hope not to decline, but to wax the rather in goodly prosperity,

so long as these seven conditions shall obtain continually among the assembly of the Brethren,

so long as they are duly exercised in these conditions,

So long may the Brethren hope that their sacred Order decline not, but their welfare endure forever.

III. In other *seven* conditions of welfare will I instruct you, O my Brethren. Hearken ye, and attend the while I speak.

And upon their agreeing expressly thereto, he spake the blessed words which do follow:—

(Characteristic Temper of Virtue)

(1) So long as the Brethren shall be filled full of blessed faith,

(2) Be meek in heart;—

(3) Fearful of sin;—

(4) Replete with learning;—

(5) Quickened of the will to do well;—

(6) Alert in mind;—

(7) And brimming over with wisdom;—

So long may the holy Brotherhood hope not to decline, but to wax the rather in goodly prosperity,

so long as these seven conditions shall obtain continually
among the assembly of the Brethren,

so long as they are duly exercised in these conditions,

So long may the Brethren hope that their sacred Order decline not, but their welfare endure forever.

IV. In other *seven* conditions of welfare will I instruct you, O my Brethren. Hearken ye, and attend the while I speak.

And upon their agreeing expressly thereto, he spake the blessed words which do follow:—

(Moral Exercise)

So long as the Brethren shall exercise themselves diligently in the sevenfold higher wisdom, yea, even in these elements thereof:—

- (1) In the keen swiftness of the good mind;—
- (2) The eager quest after truth;—
- (3) The quick will to do well;—
- (4) The exceeding joy of the heart;—
- (5) Goodwill and peace of soul;—
- (6) Earnest rapture of the fixed mind;—
- (7) The dwelling apart of the spirit in serene
impassiveness;—

So long may the holy Brotherhood hope not to decline, but to wax the rather in goodly prosperity,

so long as these seven conditions shall obtain continually
among the assembly of the Brethren,

so long as they are duly exercised in these conditions,

So long may the Brethren hope that their sacred Order decline not, but their welfare endure forever.

V. In other *seven* conditions of welfare will I instruct you, O my Brethren. Hearken ye, and attend the while I speak.

And upon their agreeing expressly thereto, he spake the blessed words which do follow:—

(Metaphysical Exercise)

So long as the Brethren shall exercise themselves diligently in the sevenfold insight that cometh of earnest godly thought, yea, even in the elements thereof:

- (1) The clear perceiving of the transiency of all things
that are;—

- (2) The exceeding folly of deeming that "I myself am I";—
- (3) The inherent corruption of our nature;—
- (4) The deadly peril of all sinfulness;—
- (5) Yea, true sanctification;—
- (6) And shining purity of heart;—
- (7) And Nirvana, which is heaven, even the calm, large freedom of the spirit;—

So long may the holy Brotherhood hope not to decline, but to wax the rather in goodly prosperity,

so long as these seven conditions shall obtain continually among the assembly of the Brethren,

so long as they are duly exercised in these conditions,

So long may the Brethren hope that their sacred Order decline not, but their welfare endure forever.

VI. In *six* conditions of welfare will I instruct you, O my Brethren. Harken ye, and attend the while I speak.

And upon their agreeing expressly thereto, he spake the blessed words which do follow:—

(Fruition, Individual and Social)

(1) So long as the Brethren shall persevere in kindliness of deed, and word, and inmost thought among the saints, both in the sight of the people and in secret;—

(2) So long as they shall distribute without partiality, and have all things in common with the upright and the holy, whatsoever they do receive by the righteous provisions of the sacred Order, yea, even to that which their bowl containeth, wherewith they do beg their daily bread;—

(3) So long as the Brethren shall dwell peaceably among the saints, in the diligent exercise, both before men and in secret, of those virtues, which unbroken and perfect, yea, unspotted and without blemish, do flower and fruit in freedom, and are everywhere lauded of the wise;—

(4) Yea, and continue without the least soil which cometh of a longing after a life to come;—

(5) Or of the vain belief in the power of outward deeds to help, but foster and command whatsoever leadeth to high and noble thought;—

(6) So long as the Brethren shall dwell peaceably among the saints, cherishing, both before men and in secret, that noble and saving faith which leadeth unto the bringing utterly

to nought the whole sorrow of him that doeth in accordance therewith;—

So long may the holy Brotherhood hope not to decline, but to wax the rather in goodly prosperity,

so long as these seven conditions shall obtain continually among the assembly of the Brethren,

so long as they are duly exercised in these conditions,

So long may the Brethren hope that their sacred Order decline not, but their welfare endure forever.

[Here endeth the most profitable instruction of the Enlightened Lord of Light unto the sacred fellowship of his disciples, that did dwell nigh unto Rajagaha, which is, being interpreted, the palace of the king; even the two score and one blessed conditions of the most holy life. And the greatest thereof, the fruition unspeakable, of all fellowship and all meditation and all attainment, he did leave unspoken at the last,—

The admission into, and passing beyond the calm, large freedom of the spirit,—the gift which Nirvana, the heaven of the Enlightened One, doth bestow upon him that verily hath passed on.]

V

BEATITUDES FROM A BUDDHIST HERMIT'S "LION'S ROAR"—

(OR CONFESSION OF PERSONAL RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE)

I.

What time a man, in wisdom-old age close scanneth and death—
How all that this world fast cleaveth to—*Pain* it is gendereth;
Well wotting how at last whence pain forever afresh upwelleth,
He dwelleth apart, with mind and heart upcaught

In rapture of holy thought:—

Ah, how might a God be indued with more perfect beatitude?

II.

What time the base mingler of bane he banneth who wrought
the pain,

The Monster *Greed*, who unmanneth man, as again and again
He doth drive him to writhe in the web of possessions that would
fain enmesh all flesh,

The haunting anguish of fear, for aye to be free, he expelleth,
And dwelleth apart, with mind and heart upcaught

In rapture of holy thought:—

Ah, how might a God be indued with more perfect beatitude?

III.

What time in clear vision afar, fair and happy, he beholdeth the
Path—

Fourfold for the corners four of two worlds—which never end
hath

Save in th' soul's purity only, that the whiteness of light excelleth,
He dwelleth apart, with mind and heart upcaught

In rapture of holy thought:—

Ah, how might a God be indued with more perfect beatitude?

IV.

What time with brave labor the illumining fixed *Mind* hath the
path of peace

Shown plain, true, cleared of sorrow, where importunate
troublers cease,

The outcasting of whatso defileth, the knapping all bonds in
sunder, that under

About and above would withhold and ensnare, till release he com-
pelleth

And dwelleth apart, with mind and heart upcaught

In rapture of holy thought:—

Ah, how might a God be indued with more perfect beatitude?

* * * * *

V.

What time in the lowering heav'n th' fierce storm-rack's drums
roll thunder,

And th' straight flights of birds go astray in thick darkness and
rain, yet no wonder

Nor awe the Saint in the hollow heart of the hill impelleth,

Who dwelleth apart, with mind and heart upcaught

In rapture of holy thought:—

Ah, how might a God be indued with more perfect beatitude?

VI.

What time by the brimming river, on whose margins there mass
a gay crowd—

Wild forest festoons of blossom,—of their many-hued splendor
proud,

Long and long, serene, the incense of their pure souls he enhalet

Who dwelleth apart, with mind and heart upcaught

In rapture of holy thought:—

Ah, how might a God be indued with more perfect beatitude?

VII.

What time at the grim dead of night, in the jungle's gruesome
 gloom
God poureth his wrath, and beasts prowl ravening and roar out
 his doom,
The Saint in the still heart of the hill to his spirit his calm joys
 telleth,
And dwelleth apart, with mind and heart upcaught
 In rapture of holy thought:—
Ah, how might a God be indued with more perfect beatitude?

VIII.

* * * * *

What time by *Restraint* he straitly bridled the headlong course
Of the will, and betaketh him forth to the mountain's bosom
 perforce,
Where composed, at large, in a cool cave sheltered, all doubt he
 dispelleth
And dwelleth apart, with mind and heart upcaught
In rapture of holy thought:—
Ah, how might a God be indued with more perfect beatitude?

IX.

What time made whole in soul, at ease he abideth so,
When *Attainment* hath wrought out stain, the rock of offence,
and woe,
Wide-opening to peace the gates, unscathed of the furtive thrust
of lust,
Unwooed by maddening draught, foe and fiend undismayed
he quelleth
And dwelleth apart, with mind and heart upcaught
In rapture of holy thought:—
Ah, how might a God be indued with more perfect beatitude?

VI.

JEWISH APOCRYPHAL BEATITUDES

SEVEN BEATITUDES

FROM THE BOOK OF THE SECRETS OF ENOCH

(1) Blessèd is the man who openeth his lips to praise the God of the heavenly Hosts, and praiseth the Lord with his heart.

Cursèd is every man who openeth his lips, speaking ill to the hurt and shame of his neighbor.

(2) Blessèd is he who openeth his lips to the blessing and laud of God.

Cursèd is he who openeth his lips to foreswear and blaspheme before the face of the Lord all his days.

(3) Blessèd is he who blesseth alway all the works of the Lord.

Cursèd is he who dishonoreth the manifold works of the Lord.

(4) Blessed is he who looketh to set his own hand to his labour.

Cursèd is he who looketh to thrive by the unjust use of another man's labour.

(5) Blessèd is he who preserveth unmoved the foundations of his fathers from of old.

Cursèd is he who breaketh the commandments of his fathers.

(6) Blessèd is he who establisheth peace and love on earth.

Cursèd is he who troubleth them that be at peace.

(7) Blessèd is he who speaketh not peace with his tongue, but in his heart there is peace toward all!

Cursèd is he who with his tongue doth speak peace, but there dwelleth not peace in his heart.

For such things, meted with measures and recorded in books, shall all be made manifest in the day of the great Judgment.

VII.

NINE BEATITUDES

FROM THE BOOK OF THE SECRETS OF ENOCH

Then I said, I tell you my children :

(1) Blessèd is he that feareth the Name of the Lord,
and serveth continually before His face,
and bringeth his gifts with fear in this life continually,
and liveth righteously all his life until he die.

(2) Blessèd is he that executeth a just judgment,
not for recompense thereof,
but the rather for righteousness' sake,
expecting no good in return :

A sincere judgment shall come unto him thereafter.

(3) Blessèd is he that doth clothe the naked with a
garment,
and bestoweth his bread on the hungry.

(4) Blessèd is he that rendereth a just judgment unto
the orphan and the widow,
and hasteth to the help of everyone who suffereth wrong.

(5) Blessèd is he that turneth about
from the unstable path of this vain world,
and walketh in the righteous path
which leadeth to eternal life.

(6) Blessèd is he that soweth the seed of justice:
Behold, sevenfold shall he reap.

(7) Blessèd is he who hath love on his lips, and loving-
kindness in his heart.

(9) Blessèd is he that understandeth every work of the Lord
and magnifieth the Lord his God :

For the works of the Lord are altogether just.

But as for the works of man, some there be that are good, and
other some are evil.

And by their works shall they, that have wrought them, be known.

VIII.
CHRISTIAN APOCRYPHAL BEATITUDES

THIRTEEN BEATITUDES

FROM THE ACTS OF PAUL AND THEKLA.

(Purity: Ascetic Ethics Toward the Flesh)

- (1) Blessèd are the pure in heart,
for they shall see God;
- (2) Blessèd are they that have kept the flesh chaste,
for they shall become a temple of God;
- (3) Blessèd are they that do exercise control over themselves,
for God shall speak with them;
- (4) Blessèd are they that have kept aloof from this world,
for they shall be pleasing to God;
- (5) Blessèd are they that have wives as having them not,
for they shall, to their portion, receive—God.

(Worship: Ascetic Religion Toward the Spirit)

- (1) Blessèd are they that endure the fear of God,
for they shall become as angels of God;
- (2) Blessèd are they that do tremble at the word of God,
for they shall be comforted;
- (3) Blessèd are they that have taken unto themselves the
wisdom of Jesus Christ,
for they shall be called the sons of the Most High;
- (4) Blessèd are they that have kept their baptism,
for they shall be refreshed of the Father and of the Son;
- (5) Blessèd are they that have come to a true knowledge of the
Christ,
for they shall dwell and have their being in the light.

(Mercy: Ascetic Ethics Toward the World)

- (1) Blessèd are they that, for the love of God, have come out from
conformity with the world,
for they shall judge even angels,
and stand up blessèd at the right hand of the Father;
- (2) Blessèd are the merciful,
for they shall obtain mercy,
and shall not behold the bitter day of judgment.
- (3) Blessèd are the bodies of the holy virgins,
for they shall be well pleasing unto God,
and shall lose the reward nowise of their chastity.

AFTERWORD

BEING A PARAPHRASE

OF A NAVAHO BENEDICTION

O God, Thou who revealest Thyself, whose abode is in the white
light of heaven:

In beauty may we walk with Thee [as becometh children of
the light!]

With beauty before us do Thou cause us to go forward,

With beauty behind us do Thou cause us to go forward

With beauty beneath us do Thou cause us to go forward

With beauty high above us do Thou cause us to go forward

With beauty enfolding us all about do Thou cause us to go
forward

[In the path appointed unto us of Thee];

For all things soever that were, are made perfect only of Thee in
blessed beauty,

Whatso now hath his being is perfecting in beauty,

And all that shall be, will be made perfect in beauty,

Yea, all things are made perfect of Thee in Thine exceeding
beauty, [O glorious God of light!]

EDITOR'S NOTES

EDITOR'S NOTES

(NOVEMBER ISSUE)

These five hymns state simply each a definite conception of God, and appear in chronological order, Primitive Hindu, Ancient Persian, Hellenic, Celtic Christian, and Early Italian Renaissance.

I Our Vedic Hymn (Mandala X., Hymn 121, or Section VIII., Reading VII., Ode II.) was paraphrased from Max Muller's translation, the substance of his notes worked into the text to make edification possible without commentary (S. Bk. of E., vol. XXXII., pp. 1-2). Consult fine blank verse paraphrase by Monier Williams, Alfred Ludwig's version "Der Rigveda" (Ode 948, vol. II., p. 575). Use was made of eloquent version of A. Langlois (p. 590).

II This Gathic Hymn consists of the eleven first stanzas of Yasna 44. See Zarathustrian Gathas in metre and rhythm by Professor Lawrence H. Mills (1903). His "Verbatim" in English is the basis of this paraphrase. See also James Hope Moulton's "Early Zoroastrianism" (1913) for annotated text pp. 340-390 and "Life of Zoroaster in the words of his hymns," by Dr. K. S. Guthrie (1914).

III The three hymns to Zeus are: (1) the so called Homeric Hymn for which see Andrew Lang's translation and Homeric Hymns in Loeb's Classics; (2) Cleanthes' Hymn (Stoic) of which translations are accessible by Rolleston, James Freeman Clarke "Ten Great Religions," Mahaffy, N. H. Dole "Greek Poets," and a splendid paraphrase by Thomas Davidson; Section 4 is probably not by Cleanthus; (3) the so-called Orphic (neo-Platonic?) Hymn from The Greek Gnostic Poets, quoted by Apulæus in "De Mundi Liber." See Nisard's Apulée, text and French translation, p. 202. The three taken together present the highest typical Greek attitude to God. We add three superb lines of Virgil (Aeneid).

Note: The Ancient Anonymous Lines of Invocation prefixed in this reprint to our Hymns to Zeus is believed to belong to some ritual and was incorporated in Hesiod's "Works and Days" where it constitutes lines 1-9. Compare for sentiment the Magnificat.

IV For Old Irish text see *Irische Texte*, by Stokes and Windisch (1880), *Thesaurus Paleo-Hibernicus*, Stokes and Strachan, Volume II., pp. 354, 323. Todd's "Liber Hymnorum"; also Kuno Meyer's "Selections from Old Irish Poetry" for the *pendant* Evening Hymn. Our hymn is called the Breastplate (Latin, *Lorica*) as the saint's protection against spiritual and carnal foes; also the "Deer's Cry," from a legend relating that he and his monks, when they sang it,

seemed, to his enemies who sought his life, wild deer with a fawn, the saint! Excellent translations are by James Clarence Mangan, and by Whitley Stokes, both in Justin McCarthy's "Irish Literature," p. 2360 and p. 3244; see version by Norrys Jephson O'Connor in St. Patrick Day's issue (1916) of "Ireland" (N. Y.). The original is in *vers libre*, with irregular alliteration and rhyme. This version was made with the kind help of Padraic Colum from a literal rendering of Professor John Lawrence Gerig of Columbia University, to emphasize the Celtic nature feeling.

V This paraphrase is made to reproduce the unmetrical rhythm, the happily haphazard rhymes and assonances of the original, and so far as possible the quaintness of the pre-literary Italian of St. Francis. Many excellent versions exist, cf. Matthew Arnold's in "Essays in Criticism," Sebastian Evans' in "Mirror of Perfection," edited by Paul Sabatier. Mrs. Oliphant's version is good; so also Adderly's in his "St. Francis, Little Poor Man of Assisi," cf. Ezra Pound's in his "Spirit of Romance."

EDITOR'S NOTES

(OCTOBER ISSUE)

Our first selection is a compilation made on the basis of numerous communications by native Omahas and notes of impressions by Mr. Francis La Flèche and Miss Alice C. Fletcher.

These scattered bits of information, and ritual documents, are brought together and reduced to a more uniform style, and conceived as put in the mouth of an Omaha priest instructing his people and uttering the praise of Wakonda.

Reference may be had to pages 597-9 and elsewhere in the 27th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, which presents the theology of the Omahas.

Our second selection in this issue is a rephrasing of a Pawnee Ritual based on the text and upon Miss Alice C. Fletcher's more literal translation and paraphrase.

References may be had to

Pawnee Text, 22d Annual Report of American Bureau
of Ethnology, 1900-1901..... page 272-3
Literal translation by Miss Alice C. Fletcher..... page 273-7
Comment of the Kurahus Tahirussawichi..... page 364-6
Paraphrase of Miss Alice C. Fletcher in blank verse... page 366-8

EDITOR'S NOTES

(JANUARY ISSUE)

Our first selection in this issue results from a cento and paraphrase, derived from XXIIId. (2d Part), A. R. B. of E. References are made on the margin.

The meaning of "Chakáa" does not appear in Miss Alice C. Fletcher's report, although it must have appeared in her careful notes, to which she is not able at present to refer. It is with regret we leave, therefore, the "Pleiades" with an uninterpreted name.

Mythological references may be conveniently made to the North American Mythology by Professor Hartley Burr Alexander, Marshall Jones & Co., Boston, author also of the "Mystery of Life," a poetization of Hako, the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, to which beginners in the study of the Indian religion are with pleasure referred.

Our second selection, the Ritual of the Great White Rock, is composed of several remembered portions of the secret rite of the Inkugthi Athin, commonly translated Pebble Society, and some fragments of Inupe rituals, commonly (and vulgarly) translated "Sweat-Lodge." It incorporates besides, in the first and second divisions, memories and interpretations of the actual scene and procedure by Mr. Francis La Flèche, and in the second division memories of an old initiate concerning the creation legend involved in the ritual.

Concerning this latter, Mr. Francis La Flèche has been able to obtain the actual songs themselves, but not in an Omaha version. They will be published in his forthcoming monumental work on the Osage.

Inkugthi Athin is interpreted to mean: "They that possess the translucent stone." Whatever stone is used in the Pebble Society Ritual symbolizes the great steadfast and eternal aspects of the creative and sustaining Energy: in one respect the Thunderbolt or thunderstone, in another the Primal Rock, which is also represented by the red hot stone used in the Inupe rite or "vapor baptism."

The Inupe, called vulgarly "Sweat-Lodge," is interpreted to mean "entering into the Rock," the "becoming a part of the Rock." It is as though a memory of the continent rising out of the seething ocean had been transmitted down the ages, and became the symbol of creation. Whenever a man wants a "new birth," a fresh start, a clearing of his mind and heart from grief, discouragement, prejudice, mortification, he ritually reproduces the creation myth, subjecting himself to this vapor baptism; and after the fasting and the meditation and the supposedly purifying great heat and per-

spiration, he emerges into the clear, cold air, perhaps at the dawn and to the eastward, and experiences a sense of complete freedom from the body, that is, the physical sensation desired to support the faith in a spiritual rebirth.

Perhaps the most startling idea in the whole ritual is when the Ancient of Days is regarded as having created the universe by some Buddha-like process of meditation, analagous to that the candidate undergoes in his vapor baptism (cf. VI., 6). The conceiving of God in terms of the Stone, of the Water and of the Tent-pole by turns is tender and surely touching. He is all the things that are greatly useful to man. He is His gifts, and His graces.

(N. B.—Detailed references are: Division I.—Account of Ceremony witnessed by La Flèche, XXVIII., A. R. B. of E., 1905-6, page 565-6. II.—Explanation of Old Initiate, page 570. III.—Paraphrase Ancient Ritual, pages 568-70. IV.—Paraphrase Inkugthi Athin, pages 571-3. V.—Paraphrase Inupe, pages 574-5. VI.—Paraphrase Inkugthi Athin, pages 575-8. VII.—Paraphrase Inkugthi Athin, pages 586-7.)

EDITOR'S NOTES

(FEBRUARY AND MARCH ISSUE)

This order of service is a liturgical experiment offered in good faith for practical use to be increased or cut at discretion. Suggestions may be found conveniently in the series of anthologies by R. H. Schayffler, Moffat, Yard & Co., entitled OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS.

The Prelude consists of three poems by Shelley, Ozymandias, the concluding chorus of "Hellas" and the sonnet entitled Political Greatness.

The Confession consists of Lowell's Ode for the 4th of July, 1876, IV., and of excerpts from Emerson's Divinity School address and his essay on Self-Reliance, and Lowell's Ode read at Concord Bridge, 1875, IX. 11, 183-205. Perhaps 11, 20-30 of his "Freedom" might be added to advantage.

Jefferson's Tribute to Washington is from "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson, Compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences" by his great granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph. Lowell's from "Under the Elm," V. 3 and VII. 1.

The Prayer of Columbus is reprinted from the authorized edition of Leaves of Grass (Small and Maynard), the only one that orders the poems of Whitman into a logical and psychological organism, p. 323.

Lowell's Tribute to Lincoln is from Commemoration Ode V. 11, 161-208.

Lincoln's Premonitory Dream is reprinted without alteration from Norman Hapgood's "Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People," as also Tom Taylor's pathetic apology to the dead subject of his caricatures.

For "O Captain, My Captain," see *Leaves of Grass*, p. 262.

For the Third Reading, see Lowell's *Under the Old Elm* IV. 1, the Ode for the 4th of July, 1876, I. 1-8, I. 35-36 and I. 2.

"Thou Mother of Thy Equal Brood," *Leaves of Grass*, p. 346, is much abridged from Whitman's poem, and further cuts are suggested (by parentheses). So also the *Passage to India*, *Leaves of Grass*, p. 315.

The Bidding Prayer for our Country is made of adapted and reconnected excerpts. The invitation is from Phillips Brooks' 4th of July in Westminster Abbey, 1880, slightly altered for use.

Throughout this section parentheses and ellipses are used to indicate the chief places where insertions or cuts were necessary to change the declarative or descriptive speech into the form of prayer.

The concluding Orison is from Lowell's Ode for the 4th of July, 1876, IV. 3.

EDITOR'S NOTES

(APRIL ISSUE)

For the Paraphrase of the "Hymn to Aton" of Amenhotep IV. (Ikhnaton) see Dr. James H. Breasted's *History of Egypt* (1905), p. 371, etc. Also, "The Gods of Ancient Egypt," by Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, Vol. II., p. 75, etc.

This Paraphrase, seeking to arrive at a Biblical diction and rhythm, avails itself of both.

In Dr. Breasted's sympathetic and eloquent book, "Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt" (1912), three hymns to Aton are printed; first, the one of Ikhnaton (p. 324), the second, from a stela of Suti and Hor, architects, anonymous, in the time of Amenhotep III., circa 1400 B.C. (p. 330), and the

third (p. 315) compiled by Dr. Breasted himself from Amarna funereal inscription. These hymns parallel each other too closely for separate reproduction; and so, after much hesitancy, it was decided to insert from the second in brackets, [], and from the third in parenthesis, (), any phrase, lines or passages that served to enrich the picturesque or religious content of the first without mythological complication.

For fuller study of text see "Ancient Records of Egypt," edited by Dr. Breasted, University of Chicago (1906), Vol. II., p. 405, par. 984.

A few glosses, phrases and even lines were resorted to with the hope of facilitating the general reader's immediate enjoyment of this noble expression of Man's Religious Spirit. These are bracketed and without marginal reference.

Francis Thompson, Pessimist, Neo-Catholic, Sun-Worshipper, and Blakean to boot by turns and sometimes simultaneously, psychopathic genius both erudite and childish, enriched English Literature with three Solar Hymns, besides a translation from Hugo's "Feuilles de'Automne." Of these "The Oriental Ode" is too sophisticated for general enjoyment, requiring that the reader be at least an amateur mythological and theological antiquarian. "The Ode to the Sinking Sun" has some very moving lines which end,

"Immutability mutable
Burdens my spirit and the skies,"

expressing his morbid rather than his prophetic spiritual self.

"The Ode to the Setting Sun" is here reprinted, with the kind permission of the publishers, The John Lane Company. Reluctantly, omissions had to be made of sections dealing respectively with the Hellenic solar myth, gnostic speculations about the Sun as father-mother and with the Sun's function in prehuman geological time, the excision of which the last section is particularly regrettable. From the afterstrain were removed certain stanzas too specifically theological, Pagan and Christian, because thereby the whole development of Thompson's pathetically modern sceptic belief and yearning faith in the Sun God, became more poignant, since more directly intelligible and emotionally simple.

The text of Friedrich Rückert's "Hymn to the Eternal Light" (1822) can be found in the complete edition by Conrad Beyer, Max Hesse, Leipzig, Vol. III., p. 258. It is one of a dozen glorious prophetic utterances of the occidental soul more or less under the influence of Sufi mysticism (Rumi's in particular) to be found among Rückert's poems.

EDITOR'S NOTES

(DECEMBER ISSUE)

Our scheme in this issue is to unite various precious inspirations into a continuous spiritual experience:

- I. Versicles for Initial Meditation (Divers Poets).
- II. Devotion of the Transcendant Ideal (Shelley).
- III. Devotion of the Incarnate Ideal (Meredith).
- IV. Devotion of Two Mergeing Worlds (Watson).
- V. Concluding Meditation (Emerson, Meredith).

To edit a little Scripture, complete in itself, taken from kindred works of different poets, can require no apology to such as apprehend the real purpose of this publication. To some critics, however, who deem the poet's private right to express himself in his own limited way more important than the edification of mankind, for whose good the poetic gift was bestowed on him, we have nothing to say, except that the great impersonal Scriptures of the world are largely of composite authorship, and were produced in their life-giving perfection by editing and complementary combinations. Occasional changes in punctuation have been dared for easier spiritual use. Italics have been resorted to also.

Of the Initial Meditation, the versicles are respectively from (1) John Milton, (2) B. W. Proctor, (3) James Beattie, (4) John Milton, (5) Edmund Spenser, (6) William Shakespeare, (7) James Hogg, (8) William Blake (9) William Wordsworth, and will be easily traced to their context. They are ordered so as to forecast, like a prelude, the spiritual progress of the whole issue.

The reading "unbodied joy" in stanza 3 of Shelley's Ode is that adopted by all good editions, and was rejected by Mrs. Shelley, who begged the question of the poem, substituting "embodied." The articulation of the poet's thought is only made more apparent by dividing the ode into four sections.

The liberty taken in paragraphing is, we trust, pardoned by the lover of Meredith's lyric ecstasy, in favor of the more breathless reader. The tumult of the first mounting flight precluded any division in the beginning of the poem. (Reprinted by courteous permission from "Poetical Works," Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The excision of stanzas, between the 3d and 4th, of Mr. Watson's ode—making application of the first moral to Shelley, Keats and Goethe—disembarrasses the lyric of interesting, but irrelevant

literary criticism, and leaves it an "*élévation à Dieu*" of far more universal appeal. The poem—should it seem mutilated—can be found on p. 141 of his "Selected Poems," published by John Lane, with whose consent the poem is included in this issue.

The publishers of Mr. George Meredith, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, kindly consented to our use of this most exquisite mystic poemlet, the "Song in the Songless," originally published in "The Reading of Life," and now to be found in the "Poetical Works of George Meredith," copyright, 1912, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Emerson's "Skyborn Music" is from the Riverside Edition, p. 272, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the title taken from the text.

EDITOR'S NOTES

(MAY ISSUE)

To our Jewish and Christian Scriptures fell the lot—as to Don Quixote, Rabelais, the Lives of Plutarch, and a few other precious books, which appealed to our forebears powerfully—to be for us transfigured by the perfect rhythm of our golden age, our time of literary instinct, imaginative divination, of audacity, of fancy and subtlety of vital art.

Should not at least an effort be made to invest these Buddhist Beatitudes with some portion of their deserved loveliness of phrase and rhythm? The value of words lies so much less in their specific meaning than in their connotation, sentimental association, their power of evocation, of spell power and spiritual enchantment. To restore somewhat of this by identical or even closely corresponding words and phrases is out of all reason; but to fetch from our own ancient and consecrated usage emotionally dynamic equivalents is not wholly, we hope, impossible, provided the philologist will but defer to the poet, and the paraphrast invoke the Muse for her gentle influence, so that she do breathe upon his English, until it have some fragrance of the Pali, that fell from the lips of tradition, and which we reckon as an effluence of the shining One himself, eternally composed in mind and heart.

The Editor is fully conscious of his hopeless inability to achieve anything of that sort, but he has done his best with this ideal in mind.

I.

A close rendering of this passage may be found in the Mahavagga, Vinaya texts, translated from the Pali by T. W. Rhys Davids and Hermann Oldenberg, Max Müller's S. B. of E., Oxford Press. Another version may be found, p. 86, Henry Clarke Warren's Buddhism in Translations, Harvard Oriental Series, Cambridge, Mass. (Circa 370 B. C.)

II.

See the Sutta Nipata, the Mahamangala-sutta, S. B. of E., Vol. X., Part II., p. 43, translator, V. Fausboll. A free adaptation by Arthur Lillie, reducing the number of Beatitudes (to make them

conform with the number of the Sermon on the Mount?) See: Influence of Buddhism on Primitive Christianity, p. 48. (Scribner.) (between Third and fourth centuries B. C.)

There would seem to be, in this series of Beatitudes, a definite observance of a parallelistic scheme. The first five seem to apply especially to the secular life, the second to the monastic, the third constituting a summary of both. In each group of five, the central or third Beatitude constitutes the emphatic recommendation, peculiarly difficult of attainment in the state of life for which it is prescribed: namely, learning and skill, and winsome utterance to the lay brother, patient utterance and gracious fellowship to the solitary ascetic.

For convenient survey, we subjoin a tabular analysis:

Wisdom of the Lay Brother, or Secular Disciple

- 1 right association.....worship of the worshipful
- 2 past good deeds.....present self-criticism
- 3 learning and skill**.....winsome utterance
** (kennen, können and wissen?)
- 4 cherishing of family.....right avocation
(i.e., compatible with religion)
- 5 alms.....inclusive summary 1, 2 and 4

Wisdom of the Ascetic, or Monastic Disciple

- (1) 6 abstinence from evil.....perseverance in Law
- (2) 7 humble reverence.....attentive hearing of the Law
- (3) 8 patient speech.....gracious fellowship
- (4) 9 practise of the theory.....realization of the unthinkable
- (5) 10 uncontamination by the world..detachment here and now

General Summary of Synthetic Restatement of Both

- 11 victory.....safety

III.

These nine Beatitudes (circa 50 B. C.) are derived from the Dhammapada (vs. 197-203) which is a collection of hymns compiled as a lyrical mosaic from various parts of the Buddhist canon. Each stanza doubtless carries over with it associations from the respective contexts, but such values as would for the learned Buddhist derive therefrom, must inevitably be lost for us.

Two stanzas of cognate import have been arbitrarily introduced, one (st. 5) from the Theragatha (st. 227 therein) and the other (st. 9) suggested by Dr. Buffett, author of "The Layman of Revato" (G. E. Stechert), p. 73.

Buddhist Suttas, pp. 117 and 289, S. B. of E., Vol. XI. Maha Parinibbana-Sutta: The Book of the Great Decease. Chap. VI., v. 16, or Maha-Sudassana-Gatak: The Great King of Glory. Chap. II., v. 42.

Our paraphrase is based on the translation in the S. B. of E., Vol. X., Par. I., Ch. XV., and that of Arthur J. Edmunds (Open Court Publishing Co.). The Psalms of the Brethren (Oxford Press), Mrs. Rhys Davids, translator and commentator, we freely recommend to our readers. We would also recommend, for whoever may be interested in noting the relation between Hellenic and Hindu thought, the very conscientious and interesting study in fiction form of Dr. E. P. Buffett alluded to above.

IV.

The application of parallelistic construction is in this discourse most astonishingly worked out through every detail. When tabulated, we discover that there is correspondence from each group of seven to every relative member of the other group; so that reading

across from group to group a new depth of meaning appears. Most significant, however, is the fact that the forty-second is left undicated, save by the position in the scheme—the space that is too full, and therefore is left blank,

“Whose saintly image is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight.”

This transcendence of man's power negatively suggested, is what has made Buddhism always seem to Occidental minds nihilistic or spiritually suicidal. If, however, really so intended, could its spirit have burst into art, and charm of life, as within the memory of man might be seen in Burmah, ere the heavy tread of British benevolence fell upon the upturned faces of the far-spread innocent and wistful loveliness? (Circa 420 B. C.)

N. B.—For Tabular Diagram of Construction *see page 142.*

V.

This series of Beatitudes is a “Lion's Roar” (that is, a public confession of personal religious experience) by a hermit in the early days of Buddhism. It is Psalm CCXXXII., Part I., of the Theravāda-gatha. Dr. K. E. Neumann's German translation may be consulted by the reader who desires a close prosaic rendering. A more supple sympathetic version appears, p. 245, in Vol. II., *Psalms of the Early Buddhists* (Oxford Press, 1913), which is by the gifted scholar, Mrs. Rhys Davids.

In the case of this series, the editor has departed from the effort to offer always a version in unrimed rhythmic form, for edification by public reading, and prints of this Psalm a free paraphrase, which—by equivalence rather than equality—would suggest the highly-wrought poetic music of these Buddhist canticles, in which verbal onomatopoeia, word painting and refinements of verse ornament, are expected to work some sort of spell quite apart from the orthodox doctrine.

Three stanzas interrupt the strictly orthodox dogmatic progress of the Psalm [I. Pain, II. Greed, III. the eightfold Path, IV. the intent Mind, VII. Self-Restraint, IX. Attainment (of Nirvana)] sketching out wondrously the symbolic *mis-en-scene*, namely: V. the hostile elements withstood; VI. the favorable suggestion of the river's progress to the one end, and the invisible essence of the Divine in man; VIII. the supernatural terrors that would deter the Saint, the tropical jungle night making by contrast dramatically vivid the supreme power of the poised spirit.

VI.

Have we not in this sevenfold series (7 = the number of holiness) a most Semitically characteristic exaltation of practicality? For a threefold group (3 = the divine number, i.e., the family, organic union, stated in lowest terms) is enfolded in a fourfold group (4 = the world number, i.e., the points of the compass). The threefold group deals with works, the providence of God, and the institution of the forefathers, the central of all, as the inmost mystery, the blessing on willingness to work, balanced by the curse on evasion of the law of work by exploitation of the neighbour; the fourfold group deals with thanksgiving and peacemaking. Into the outer life the apocalyptic Jew projects worship and love; into the inner life he draws economic institutional considerations!

What a sharp contrast, have we not, in this implicit doctrine to that of Buddha? (N. B., circa 30 B. C.)

SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM

- | | |
|-----|--------------------------------|
| (1) | 1. blessing in gratitude |
| (2) | 2. blessing in worship |
| | |
| (3) | 1. works of the Lord |
| (4) | 2. works of self and neighbour |
| (5) | 3. works of the fathers |
| | |
| (6) | 3. peace in social order |
| (7) | 4. peace in heart of man |

VII.

The parallel scheme of this series, the nine Beatitudes from the Book of the Secrets of Enoch also translated by Dr. R. H. Charles, the great clarifier of Apocalyptic literature, scholar and imaginative critic alike, (Clarendon Press) can be best exhibited as follows:

- 1 fear and service of God
 - 2 (disinterested justice) sincere judgment
 - 3 (distribution of alms)
 - 4 (help of the helpless)
- 5 Withdrawal unto godly life
 - 6 (sowing of good deeds) sevenfold holy reward
 - 7 (speaking the truth)
 - 8 (cherishing affection)
- 9 Knowledge and praise of God

Is not the "reward" stated after the second and sixth Beatitude (in each case the first of a group of three) concerning conduct toward man, applicable to the group as a whole?

Do not the three concerning man's relation to God indicate a progress: fear, consecration knowledge? And do not the two sets of three indicate the means of that progress in godliness?

VIII.

This series of the thirteen Beatitudes (circa 175 A. D.) is especially interesting for its illustration of parallelistic structure. It falls naturally into three subordinate series, two of five (5 = the number of practical wisdom, four points of the compass plus the standpoint of the beholder, or the four fingers and the thumb) followed by one of three. Each series has the explicit emphatic Beatitudes at the center (third in each five group; second in the three group). The first series of five deals with sex control and strikes the keynote in the opening Beatitude "pure in heart." The second series of five deals with Christian "gnosis" and takes its departure from the awe of God, or essential religious emotion. The third series of three (3 = the divine number of unification) deals with mercy and recapitulates the first and second five series in reverse order, manifestly alluding in its first Beatitude to the central or second group, and restating in its last the doctrine derived from the accidents of the life of the Master, and the positive teaching of St. Paul, who commends marriage only as a last resort.

Doctrinally the series may be entitled respectively: ascetic ethics (*re*, the flesh), ascetic religion (*re*, the spirit), ascetic sociology exhibiting the double fruitage in non-resistance and leniency (*re*, the world). How far we have travelled in the document from the doctrine of Jesus, and how much may be due to Hindu influence, let the edified reader decide. Bernhard Pick's: Apocryphal Acts of Paul, Peter, John, Andrew and Thomas, published by Open Court Publishing Co., is the basis of our paraphrase.

TABULAR ANALYSIS OF THE FORTY-ONE BEATITUDES OF THE BUDDHA NO. IV.

EXOTERIC LAW			CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE AND POINT OF VIEW		ESOTERIC LAW		RESULTING DISPOSITION AND GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT
INJUNCTIONS FOR THE HOLY COMMUNITY	PROHIBITIONS FOR THE HOLY INDIVIDUAL		IMPLIED AND DERIVED VIRTUES		MORAL DISCIPLINE UNTO PRACTICE	METAPHYSICAL DISCIPLINE IN PERCEPTION	THE BLESSED FRUITION
1 Frequency of assembly	No distracting worldly occupation or business	Trust or Holy Faith	Exercise unto Mental Activity	Discernment of the Impermanency of all	Perseverance in Kindliness		
2 Concord in Co-operation	No foolish conversation	Modesty (of heart)	Exercise unto Abstract Truth	Discernment of the unreality of self	Joy in sharing alike with all		
3 Regularity of Procedure	No slothfulness of spirit	Fear of Sin	Exercise unto Creative Energy	Discernment of essential corruption (of all things)	Virtue of freedom in the fellowship of saints		
4 Reverence to Elders and Goodly Customs	No frivolous associations	Fulness of true learning	Exercise unto inward, serene joy	Discernment of the inherent danger of sin	No longing for a future life		
5 No greed causing renewed existence	No sinful lusts	Tension of Energy	Exercise unto positive peace	Discernment of right Sanctification	No belief in the worth of outer present acts		
6 Delight in solitary life	No fellowship friendship with sinners	Positively directed activity of mind	Exercise unto realizing earnest contemplation	Discernment of inmost purity of heart	A noble and saving confidence and faith unto the annihilation of sorrow		
7 The training of mind to attract and detain the saints	No tarrying in the less great, from progress to the greater	Gracious fulness of wisdom	Exercise unto equanimity of mind	Discernment of the reality of Nirvana	(The fruition of Nirvana: transcends consciousness and statement)		

NOTE (TO AFTERWORD)

This very free paraphrase is based on Dr. Washington Matthews' Free Translation, p. 145 and Text with literal translation, p. 229 of his "The Night Chant: a Navaho Ceremony"—published May, 1902, by the American Museum of Natural History, New York—(Vol. V., Publications—Anthropology).

Compare with St. Patrick's Hymn (Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me, etc.) for the expression of omnipresence, immanence, by the specification of the sacred spaces, quarters of the heaven—or points of the compass. In Zenei they are N. W. S. E. Nadir, Zenith, Centre.

In the original, the three last lines are identical. But the iteration is not idle: It is felt to be cumulative, all-inclusive. To conceive the three-fold statement as referring to past, present and future is in harmony with the spirit of the context and makes the perhaps merely magical iteration significant for our reader. The word "beauty" in Navaho means also "happiness" and the meanings overlap and introduce the craftsman's creative function into "happiness." The Navaho are subtle craftsmen.

N. B.—The ornament on the title page is from "The Songs of American Destiny: A Vision of New Hellas," a book long out of print, adorned by the labors of love of the Editor's late friend, Mr. L. H. Meakin, painter and etcher, and public spirited promoter of art, interested and active particularly through the Middle West; a selfless man, dear to all who were privileged to be his fellow workers.

